

THE
Royal Wanton:

Containing the

Gallick Intriegues,

WITH

LYCOGENES

(Late King of *Albion*)

HIS

Expedition for *Hibernia*:

BEING

The Second Volume

of the

Amours of *Messalina*,

WITH

Polydorus, K. of the Goths.

Compleating the whole History

of a Woman of Quality, a Late Concubine of
Queen *Messalina*.

LONDON, Printed for J. B. and are
Sole Distributors of London and Westminster

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Polydorus, K. of the Goths

Compleating the whole History

By a Woman of Quality, & Late Countess of Arundel

LONDON, Printed for J. B. and A.

To the READER.

OUR kind Cologne Correspondent (tho' a little Tardy in his Favours) has at last transmitted over to us the long-expected remaining Part of our Messalina's History. And since her *Pourtrait in Miniature*, in the Four Parts of her *Amons*, already publisht, (we acknowledge) has been your Favourite; we dare boldly assure you, in this Second Volume, an Equal (if not a greater) share of *Divertisement*: For you are to consider, that in Albion (the Scene, where the Four Parts of the First Volume, are mostly laid) she sat at the Helm, and the Fatigue of Business, and Guidance of Empire, lay too close upon her, to give so intire a loose to Pleasure, as in her Retirement and Recess in Gothland. And since Love seems to fill her whole Ascendant here, which generally occasions more variety of Accident and Adventure, than the heavier movements of State; this Remainder of her History, on that Account, carries its own Recommendation above the foregoing Volumn.

However, I am oblig'd, on the Booksellers behalf, to beg the Reader's Pardon. The Matter

To the Reader.

of this History, depending upon Foreign Correspondence (from whence the Original has been transmitted) the Receipt of this Second Volume coming a little tardily, and the expecting Bookseller quite despairing (being call'd upon for a Compleat History) and the Long Vacation drawing on, truly, over-sway'd by present Interest, together with his desponding of this Second Volume, he bud-dled up the History in Four Parts, under the Name of, *The Compleat and Finisht Amours of Messalina*; and in the Last Part of the First Volume, he unhappily added a Fragment of the last almost Five Pages, utterly spurious & alien to her Adventures. The Reader therefore, that possibly may have the First Volume by him, is desired to take notice, That this Second Volume is continued from that Conclusion only of the Fourth Part, where the Original Author left off, without any Cognizance taken of those five last spurious Pages, above-men-tioned: The True Conclusion of the Fourth Part terminating at Page 50, Line 12.

Our *Messalina* therefore, comes now adorn'd and array'd in all her Gayest Dress; and vouch-safes, in her concluding Part, to appear Her whole True Self, to please you.

The

THE
Fifth Part.

THE Landing of *Lycogenes* on the *Gallick* Shore, is such surprizing News, so shrill the Trump, and so fleet the Wings of Fame on that loud Subject, that all Tongues are taken up with no other Theme, and the whole Court of *Gothland* Echoes with the sound. The Presence-Chamber of the Fair *Albion* Queen is in a few minutes so thronged with pressing crowds of the *Gallick* Nobility of both Sexes, the Great and the Fair; that betwixt their Abhorrence of the Christian Barbarity, and *Albion's* Ingratitude in his Expulsion, (for that's the best Name they can afford it) and their own Transport at the Reception of that God-like Pagan Prince; what with their Joy on one side, and their Execration on the other, the *Gothick* Grandees with one universal officious Emulation, every one to be the first and earliest Addresser to the Royal *Messalina* in their Compliments of Condolance and Congratulation, so fill'd Her Court, and made an appearance so splendid; that she seems to shine a second *Cymbia*, with all

her Stars around her, her own the Sovereign Beauty.

Polydorus above all the whole Company is the only Person, who though more interested in the Arrival of *Lycogenes*, or at least in the dismal Cause that brings him, has his thoughts at present, the least employed about it. The Resentments of defeated Love (a Concern that always supercedes all other considerations) had so taken up his whole faculties. His damn'd mistake of the Nurse for the Queen, was still a Torment so violent: His burning out his whole stock of Incense at so unhallow'd an Altar, as the poor Arms of a sordid *Lactilla*, a Peasants Courser-born Brat; and not one Grain left for the Divine *Messalina*; to rise up so *Impotent*, so shamefully unperforming in a Cause so Glorious, lay a load upon his Soul, as heavy, as the very raising of the Siege of *Vienna*. As the sight therefore of all Company, during this present fit of melancholy was uneasy to him, he lays hold of this occasion of retiring, by telling the Queen that the necessary Orders and Instructions for the Reception of the Royal *Lycogenes*, was that Important Call, as must exclude all other thoughts, and rob him of his present Felicity in making a part of the Court of *Messalina*, for the immediate Execution of so incumbent a Duty: And so with a profound Reverence he makes Congee, and takes his leave.

To all this Train of Glittering Beauty, the Court of *Messalina* has one more particular Darling-Star appear to compleat the whole Constellation; the Fair *Aspasia* Arrived from *Ibernia*. The sight of so dear a Friend and Confident returned to her Bosome, gives our *Messalina* that sensible delight, that her Caresses and Embraces of her welcome *Aspasia* drew the Eyes of the whole Court upon this new Favorite Beauty.

Beauty. The Queen, though not a little pleased with so Pompous a Train, the Grandeur of her State, has those dearer Joys and tenderer accents to pour forth into the Ears of her *Aspasia*, as required a more private Audience; dismissing therefore the gay Assembly, as soon as Decency, and State-Ceremony would permit, she takes her *Aspasia* alone with her into her Closet, and with a hundred kind and passionate kisses (her Friendship almost as warm as Love) she repeats her welcome: When the Ardence of their mutual Endearments, the Transports of meeting Friends, had spent their heat, and and cool'd into a little leisure for Discourse and Business; *Aspasia* recounts to the Listening *Messalina*, the State of Affairs in *Ibernia*, and the unshaken resolution and invincible constancy of her *Latroon*, and the *Ibernian Loyal Pagans* in the Cause of *Lycogenes*. Alas Madam, says *Aspasia*, Let Parasites, and Sycophants, the mercenary Creatures of Prosperity, play the Eastern Worshipers, and adore the Rising; He the Setting Sun: Shall the injuries or miseries of *Lycogenes* withdraw the Allegiance of *Latroon*. "Not all the shocks of Fate and Shafts of Vengeance can stagger his least Loyal thought. Let Fortune frown upon the unhappy *Lycogenes*: Yes, let the angry Gods call in their faithless Guardians of the Throne, his Tutelar-Angels all shamefully disbanded: Let People, Nations, Crowns, Peace, Happiness, and all the smiles of Providence desert him; tho' Earth and Heaven it self fortakes him, *Latroon* shall not. Yes, my Dear *Aspasia*, Replied the Queen, The Fidelity of *Latroon* wants neither Herald nor Historian; His Deeds, I doubt not will be their own Trumpet and Recorder. My Royal Lord knew well the Soul, the Principles, the Faith, the Integrity of that brave Pagan-Hero, and trust-

ed him with the Sword of Ibernia, only because he knew him worthy to be trusted. No Madam, answered Aspasia, The Royal Lycogenes has been too generous to Latroon for a return of Ingratitude; Yes, he remembers from what humble State, and meaner Extrude he raised him to that Princely Dignity, the Vice-royship of Ibernia. How many Grandees of the Albion Nobility, enrich'd with all hereditary Honours, illustrious Veins, High Blood, and Higher Fortunes, stood Candidates in vain for that Important charge, the Government of Ibernia. Yes, they were Christians all, untrusty Tools, and undeserved that Honour: Vassals to Oaths, and Slaves to Laws, bound up poor Fools to Rules and Limits, to antiquated Pandects, musty Records. Senseless Servility! Ignoble Manacles! But my Latroon, yes, my once poor little Lord; for his true Pagan zeal, that all creating Merit, advanced to Title, Wealth, Power, Trust, Dominion, o'releaped their dull pretensions, out-soared the Heads of their neglected-greatness, and plumed by kind Lycogenes, percht in Glories Nest above them. And do you think he can forget such Favours, or falsify a Trust so mighty? Has he not long ago given ample demonstrations! All Heretick Ministers, publick Officers, Civil and Military, Disbanded, Cashier'd, Turned out, Disgraced; and the whole Power of Ibernia lodged in his Faithful Pagan Creatures Hands. (Oh that the Albion Administration had been so Modelled, so Reformed!) 'Tis true, the murmuring Hereticks seem aggrieved at this Universal discarding from their Posts of Trust, and foolishly plead their Truth, Fidelity and Services to Lycogenes, to upbraid him of unkindness. Some, viz. that they had fought his Battles, won him Laurels, stood up the bold Supporters of his Throne, against the Perkin Rebel, and early flush'd their

Swords

Swords in the *Western* Blood. Others, that they had been the Champions of his Birth against the once impending Senate Thunder-Storm, his *EX-CULTUSION*; even their whole *Church* embattel'd in that Cause. Others again, who perhaps had yet few Honourable Scars of their own, point back to their Illustrious Ancestors Glorious Wounds, those ever Famous Heroes and Monarchy Champions, who Sacrificed their Fortunes and their Lives to his Great *Martyred-Father*, their bleeding Veins, and no less bleeding Patrimonies. These very Sons of *Worthies*, even of the Noblest Rank, left Heirs to nothing now but a *Name*, and *Title*, perhaps reduced by their Hereditary hard-fated Fidelity to dependance under *Lycogenes* for *Bread*, only from their profuser Ancestrous Loyalty under his Father for *Glory*: And whom to turn out from serving, is to turn out to starving. These and twenty other such idle foolish pleas they make of their Faith, sorsooth, their Loyalty, their Sufferings, &c. weak *Heretick* merit, and all dull senseless gibberish in a *Pagan* Princes Ear. No, *Divine Madam*, those useless Christian Toolles are all thrown by for Lumber, Rust and Rubbish; and Power and *Pagan* Sovereignty are all our own. And do you think that my *Latroon* so backt, so assisted, will tamely loose his hold. No, *Madam*, Your generous Lord remembered. (yes, and with Ecstasy) that once Great, Blessed, Memorable Day, when two Hundred Thousand *Heretick* Victims fell; Oh our rich-fatten'd Land! Their reeking Gore a fragrant Sacrifice, sweet in the Nostrils of the *Pagan*-Gods, and in our Divine Records, a Legend of ever Sacred Memory. Yes, he remembered it, and like a Pious Royal Son of *Boanerges*, and a true Servant of our Great *Diana*, gave my *Latroon Ibernias's* glittering *Sword*, to play
that

that Game of Glory over again; and root up all those remnant Heretick Weeds, that have since run up to Seed. Yes, he did so; and doubt not *Madam*, but that Great Commission, in spite of all the threatning *Albion* Apostacy shall still be executed.

* The Continuation of this Subject had insensibly drawn on a great part of the Night upon them, when *Messalina*, more careful of her dear *Aspasia*, began to think that a little Rest, the Traveller's welcome Companion, would be no unacceptable Guest; and therefore, after a small Banquet for her Entertainment, kindly motion'd her going to bed: But as necessary as Repose might be at the end of a Fatigue of so many hundred Miles Travel to the Court of *Goibland*; however, not to part with so dear a Favourite too easily, the Queen invites her to her own Bed, (a peculiar Mark of her Royal Favours, and as dutifully acknowledg'd by *Aspasia*) resolving to gratifie her Delight in the Enjoyment of so dear a Conversation, though but in Dreams together. The small Remnant of the Night thus pass'd over, our two female Consorts, with the very first dawn of day, awake together, as early, and as fair too, as the blushing Morning; and no sooner have they got their Eyes open, but their Arms too, and embracing each other with the renew'd Endearments of Friendship, could now allow no longer leizure for sleeping. A hundred new, curious, and inquisitive Questions are to be ask'd. Their Fortunes, their Adventures, and all the whole Revolutions since their last parting in *Albion*, are work enough, ready cut out, for their whole Mornings Employment. But as Ecclesiastick and State-Politicks, the Arcana of Church and Empire, Cabinet-Counsels, and holy Leagues, were the whole Subject of their last Nights Conference:

for

for the sweet Pleasure of Variety, a softer Theme, must take up their present Morning Communication; viz. Love and his Kingdom, the Politicks of *Cupid*, and the Cabinet of *Venus*, and all the secret Arts and Manage of that important Universal Empire. The Fair *Aspasia* has very little of Novel of that kind of her Adventures, worthy recital: For, alas! her voyage to *Ibernia* was so intirely devoted to serious Business and deep Consult, that that ærier Deity Love had little or no Administration there. Alas, Madam, saies *Aspasia*, I have nothing worthy Your Majesties Ear, for truly I left Love behind me when I left *Albion*; my Friends, my Servants, my Favourites, yes, all left behind. Love Madam, in *Ibernia*! when Your Majesty knows I met with nothing but that thing we call *Husband* there; nay, not only a Husband, but a Statesman too; so involv'd in Thought, Study, Project: poor man! so labouring, so tugging at the Helm, so tired with the toyl of the Day, that God-wot, the Fatigue of Night too, was too much for him. 'Tis true, my poor *Latroon* was very glad to see me; so many years asunder as we had been, would make the conversation of older Friends at first sight at least, agreeable. But truly Madam, under the Seal of Confession, a little love went a great way between us two; his Talent, I assure you, lyes another way: Besides, we two were so old to one another, as made us kiss so awkwardly — In short Madam, I beg Your pardon for entertaining you on so dull and so insipid a Theme. A Husband! — but no matter: Poor *Latroon*! he has, however, these other qualifications; whatever he wants in Amour, as will amply compensate all other defects. The CAUSE, the Divine Pagan CAUSE is his Wife, Mistress, Saint, his All: 'tis in her Arms alone

lone he Lauguiſhes, Adores, Sighs, Dies; and every faculty of his Soul is ſworn Vaſſal to no other Sovereign. The ſhort Narrative of *Aspaſia* is no ſooner done, but the Queen in return, reſolved to unlock her own whole Heart too, to ſo intire and absolute a Mrs. of all her ſecrets as *Aspaſia*, and not able to contain within her own Boſome only, the Victory of her Eyes o're the captive Heart of her *Polydorus*, could not forbear recounting the whole progreſs of her new Conqueſt. The Sighs, the Language of ſo paſſionate an Adorer, were Trophies to her no ſmall Glory: 'Tis true, the infirm part of his Love, his deficiency in her Arms, ſhe generously conceal'd, in pure tendereſs, not only to her Lovers Honour, but alſo to her own Glory; leſt the ridiculing of his unperſormance might diminifh from her own Charms and Attraction; her meer vanity (if nothing elſe) thought fit therefore to veil that blemiſh. *Aspaſia*, at the Relation of *Polydorus* Captivity, paid her Congratulatory Compliments to the Victorious *Meſſalina*, with all the *Panegyricks* and *ſoprans* due to ſo Imperial a Conqueſt. So diverting a Subject as the whole Narrative of *Meſſalinas* Triumph, and *Polydorus* Fetters held e'm diſcourſe till their upriſing; when no ſooner were they got dreſt, but as if Love had yet a greater, at leaſt a more moving and more heightn'd Scene to play; *Tomazo* appeared, and tells the Queen that the Baron of *Sanctiflore* attended without, and humbly waited a reaſonable hour when the Gracious *Meſſalina* would condeſcend him the Glory of throwing himſelf at her Royal Feet. The Queen ſeemed ſo ſtruck with the very Name, that ſhe could not answer *Tomazo*; when turning to *Aspaſia*, all ſhe could get out, was, *Sanctiflore*!— And then redning even to a ſcarlet Bloom upon her Cheeks,

Cheeks, she could proceed no further. *Aspasia* perceiving her surprize, and well remembring, that more than happy Name of *Sanctiflore* our *Messalina's* Virgin Conquerour, a Name so oft repeated by her, in her most languisant and softest minutes, and perfumed with the fragrant sighs that followed it; she wonderd the less at only so superficial an Impression in the blushing Eyes of *Messalina*, from her knowledge of a deeper one in her heart; her present disorder being only so sudden an effect from so rooted a Cause. Turning therefore to the Queen, (who in a deep and pensive kind of study, had leaned her fair Hand for her Support upon *Aspasias* Shoulder.) *Well Madam, says she, Does Tomazoes Embassy from the petitioning Sanctiflore require no answer; or do you dispute her Credentials in the Message she brings you?* No, my *Aspasia* replied the Queen, *I neither doubt the Petition nor the Petitioner: Alas, I only mistrust the supplicated Power that is to Grant it. Oh my Aspasia, how shall I look, speak, move! Oh my misdoubted Eyes, but more suspected Soul! How, oh how shall I be able to receive him, (assist me Glory resolution!) as Messalina Daughter of Modena, or Messalina Queen of Albion! Receive him?* *Madam, answered Aspasia: Fy, is that a Question! No, Madam take him as you left him; overlook but half a score of rowling Tears, and e'ne find your selves where you lost your selves. Receive him as Queen of Albion? Ridiculous foolery! leave Titles, and big Names, empty Pride, and senseless Vanity, Court-Grandure, and Court-Ceremony, (those luggages of Majesty, worn like Imperial Crowns only on days of State.) to their proper use and seasons. Think who it is, and where 'tis you receive him; not on your Throne, but in your Bed-Chamber. Well, My airy Companion, Replied Messalina; " Loves-cause sure would never fail*

of success, if he had always such Advocates as you to plead it ; and if *Messalina* commit that weakness that the Queen of *Albion* must blush for her ; at your Door, my leading Councillour lie the fault. *Temazo*, who thought the Preliminaries a little too tedious, and knowing her self both an able and acceptable Mistress of the Ceremonies in interviews of this kind, without waiting further Orders or Commission, introduces the attending Baron. The admitted *Sanctiflore* makes his approach with that awful respect, and no less surprize : The grateful remembrance of a Hundred crowding past delights, and his astonishment at as many new commanding Charms in the Divine *Messalina* ; the heightning thought of her Imperial Character, adding a more dazzling Lustre to her native Beauties ; the present Raptures of his Eyes and his past revolving Ecstasies, all so many Darts from so many several Quivers struck him with that admiration and confusion, that what betwixt fear and transport (for that's the sublimest Adoration that trembles where it kneels) certainly never Lover felt at the Feet of Beauty with more exalted Devotion than *Sanctiflore*. The fair *Messalina*, toucht with the same spark, felt a warm Joy about her, that soon blazed out into the same re-kindling Fire : She could not see that dear, that darling Man, thus prostrate at her Feet, without remembering him, the dear once happy Rival of all her Virgin - Joys. Oh the never forgotten Beatifick minute ; the Pleasure and the Pain ! Then a whole Legion of Delights surround her ; the private Grots, the silent Shades, and conscious Groves ; all the stolen Pleasures, the soft and tenderest Bliss in the opening bloom of Love, and Nonage of her Charms, now muster a thousand Beauteous radiant Forms before her, till her pleased Soul surveys that vast Ex-
panded

panded Scene, as leaves her almost lost in the contemplation. The prostrate *Sanctiflore* continued kneeling all this while, little less than rooted at the adored *Messalinas* Feet: till a soft accent from the *Albion* Queen, a ravishing all charming look, and her fair Hand stretched out to raise him. (snatch'd to his burning Lips) all Signed the Royal Mandate to Command him Rise. In short, at so sudden an Encounter, and so vigorous an Assault on both sides, (as if Love's whole Magazine, all the Artillery of the blind God had been spent in one single Salley) never meeting Eyes, or yielding Hearts encountered like *Sanctiflore* and *Messalinas*. Yet as warm as their Hearts beat, and as strong a violence of Impetuous Love was just ready to bear all down before it; however, the interposing Dread and Awe in the daunted *Sanctiflore*, and a present resolved Reservedness in the Queen, (perhaps, the greatest Denial that her o're-mastered Passion ever truckled to) stood up that bounding Bar between 'em, possibly the only chain on both sides, that otherwise could have held them from rushing wild into each others Bosomes, with all the open outrages of folding twining Arms, and rioting ravaging Lips, close as their meeting souls, and loose as all their roving boundless Wishes.

This distant Ceremony being all that the first Careless to her *Sanctiflore* would admit, the Queen however as a mark of more than ordinary Grace (a dispensation of State which in the privateness of so early a visit, was allowable) commands her *Sanctiflore* to be seated in her Presence; and after the usual Compliments made by the Baron, tho' perhaps a little more refined, at least more exalted than the daily Addresses made to Crowned Heads, by more indifferent Homagers: The Queen find-

ing him too prolix a *Panegyrist* (a Theme however not ungrateful) upon her Glories, diverts him from that Subject, by commanding him not to be hers, but his own Historian ; desiring him to entertain her with some Relation of his own Fortunes, and the occasion of his Residence in *Gothland*. *Sanctiflore* making his humblest and duteous acknowledgement for the Honour received in so generous a command ; tells her, that at present he has the Happiness of wearing a Sword under the Banners of *Polydorus* ; and Commanding a Regiment of Horse in his Service. But truly, Madam, continued the Baron, Since your Majesty is pleased to ask the occasion of my Residence in *Gothland* ; in more ample obedience to that Command, I must own, that the Glory of Fighting under the Standart of a Monarch so Renown'd, (whose formidable Power in defiance of the Confederated World, can singly stand the Swords of the United Universe against him,) carries an Attraction of it self alone, sufficient to invite a more distant admirer of that Famous Hero, than a neighbouring Native of Italy, to quit inglorious Peace at home, for so active a Scene of Honour abroad : Nor is the Post, his Favours have rais'd me to, so inconsiderable, but nobler Merit, and higher Pride than my own might thankfully accept. However Madam, [Sighing] a yet far nobler Cause made me desert my Native, and (forgive me when I call it so) my loathed and hated Country. Tis true, I must avow, I drew in my first Breath within that happy Roman Principality, blest with the Birth of the fair Albion Queen : Yes, I had the envied Honour to be born a Subject to the Hereditary Coronet of the Illustrious *Messalina*. Thus happy I was born ; but oh Divine Madam ! The ascendant Star that shined so kind ; yes, once so wondrous kind, and blest me with so bright and dazzling Morning, re-

called

called her too generous influencing Beams; for Oh, I lived to see that black, that fatal over-clouded Day; the adored Guardian Planet of my Life, withdrawn to shine in a new Orb of Glory, to smile on a more worthy happier Charge; and set alas, from me, for ever set; and the miserable wretched forlorn Sanctiflore left despairing, mourning, dying; and hurried by the horrors of his wild and ghastly Thoughts, (Remembrance, tormenting Remembrance,) to fly his loathed detested Native Soil, and seek some happier corner of the World to find a Grave in. But how far soever his despair could lead him; and as delectable as his miseries had painted the lovely Face of Death to him; nevertheless his Pride would not permit him to lay his resting Bones in any other Bed than that of Honour: The Gratification therefore of that only Ambition had fixt his thoughts and his resolves on Gothland, as the noblest choice to find that Grave in. For indeed having ever a natural Aversion to the common Exits of Mortality, the Sleeping out of Life; to those, who dying as dully as they lived, lye lazying on Down for their last Pillow; and with the effeminate cries of Children, and puling Womens Tears around them, are bust'd and lull'd into their Eternal Rest; it was his ever constant wish, to lye harder, and die louder; to have the Thunder of the Cannon, a more manly Musick at his long Repose, and his last Call to Fate, a summon from no other but the Trumpets sound. The Queen at this Declaration of the dear Baron, so artfully made, as even the most rigid Virtue must have heard without a frown, not a little delighted at the recital of the fatal influences of that fair setting Star he had so passionately in such murmuring plaints described, could (if she pleased) have told him, that the very same tutelary Planet, as long set to him as it had been, and as many despairs it had cast him into, was in this one short half hour

so

so fully risen again, with all its favourablest Aspects, every kind re-kindling Beam about it, as at this very moment could shine down all the tenderest warmest Blessings o're again, all those softest, sweetest Joys repeated, that ever its most melting influence, smiled upon him. All this She could have told him; but, alas, restrained by rigid all-commanding *Honour* (empower'd at least to Reign for one short hour at their first meeting) those sublimer Felicities, are a reserve, not to be cheapened by too hasty a Condescension.

The conversation between *Messalina* and *Sanctiflore*, now begins to be interrupted, by a concurrence of Gallick Ladies, come to make their morning Court to the fair *Albion* Queen: All she can farther learn from him in so publick a conference is, that an important Express brought him from his post on the Banks of the *Rhine*; and how soon he should be commanded back thither lay only in the Breast of the King. His Express indeed he had this morning sent in to *Polidorus*; but his Majesty being indisposed, and Orders left, that he would admit of no Visits till after Morning Devotion, he had not yet had the honour of kissing His Royal Hand. When *Sanctiflore* had taken leave of the Queen in order to his attendance on *Polidorus*, and the Court Ladies also according to customary Ceremony were retired, at the Queens usual hour of her private Morning Prayers; *Messalina* having at this time gotten one half hour free to her self, attended only by *Aspasia*, on whom she had laid her particular commands; out of an extraordinary Devotion another way, that had taken up her present Contemplations, she makes bold with Heaven for one mornings Dispensation; and taking her dear *Aspasia* with her into her Closet, to confer about

the importance of this mornings Adventure, and her future Conduct in relation to so unexpected a Visitant, she first asks her her opinion of her *Sansifore*. Truly, *Madam*, answers *Aspasia*, " If you will have my cordial sentiments, I think him a Person of that generous Appearance, that *Messalina* did her self right, in her Virgin-Election of so Gal-lant a servant. For since Beauty is a Treasure, like all other Treasures, only truly valuable when *Possess'd*; (for what's the Pearl in the Sea, the Diamond in the Rock, or the Gold in the Mine; and by the same reason, the Lady in the Cloyster, worth?) and accordingly we are all Jewels ordained for wearing; a young Lady by the undoubted Charter of her Sex, holding by that most absolute of all Sovereign Tenure, *viz. the whole Power in her own hands*, the intire freedom of choosfing, whether the Privy Signet of *Nature*, *Inclination* and *Love*, or the Broad-Seal of *Law*, *Matrimoney*, shall first unlock the Maiden Cabinet; for my part, I applaud that Ladies dearer and worthyer choice, that honours the First, with the concession of so high a Favour, before the Last; unless, indeed, our Auspicious Stars design us the uniting of Both in one Person, *Love* and *Hymen* in one knot. But, alas, that's a blessing of Heaven, (a rarity *Phoenix* like) so seldom ordaind for *Princes*, where Marriages are almost always the creation of *Policy* and *Interest*; that e-ven the common liberty of the poorest Vassal is de-nied Them; for whilst the meanest Peasant, from his own equality, has, in a manner, the whole world to choose in; can select the Face, the Wit, the Temper, the Humour of that Bride that best can make him happy; on the contrary poor confin-ed and shackled Princes, utterly debarred all these priviledges, must Wooe and Wed by Proxy; trust

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to the Flattery of a Painters Pencil, and the grosser Dawb of a lying Embassy, for the Beauties both of Body and Mind; (and ten to one not that neither, where absolute State-Convenience, their common Matchmaker; tyes the Gordian) and consequently, so blindly and ignorantly, if not so ungratefully, Sign, Seal, and Contract; that certainly the Amorous Rambles, Wanton Stealths, and Love-Frailties of the *Great*, ought in Conscience, to be listed in the Roll of their Venial Sins, as a meet charitable grain of Allowance, in pure compensation for the servitude of Custom, the slavery of Overuling Politicks, and the hard hand of Fate so heavy upon Them only; in Their *Having* and *Holding*, above all the rest of the Creation, *Well my witty Sophystress*, replied the Queen, *Thou are an Artist at an amorous Argument, a very Casuist in the School of Love; and truly, my Aspasia, I never had more need of such a Councillour; alas, dear Friend, in the surprizing return of my Sanctifiore, I have encountred an object, dearer to my Eyes, and nearer to my Soul, then all the Favourites my Arms e're blest; so much above them all—Yes Madam, Replied Aspasia, Those very Lovers whose Fortune it is to crop our Virgin-bloom, are always observed to possess ever after it the utmost extreems of our Affections, the highest or the lowest Seat in our Esteem, becoming either the objects of our ever tenderest, softest Remembrance; or else our humblest and despicablest Disdain and Loathing. If a lose wantoness, and unthinking Amour, some Folly, Frenzy, Surprise, or a prevailing Snare betray our Easiness or Simplicity to yield up that irrevocable Treasure to some indifferent or unworthy Possessor; our Eyes once opening, and our re-collected sense awaking, we look back with that sensible Resentment of our mistaken and deluded weakness, till the undeserving*

deserving Rival of those envied favours becomes so much the object of our little Thought, that we despise and loath the very sight and name. But if fore-thought and Reason, a Studied Love, and ponderated Passion, the Endearments of Address, Caress, Sighs, Tears, Prayers; the Charms of Wit, Sense, Honour; the Ties of Services, Duty, Faith, Gallantry; with Worth and Merit to fill up the ballance, all join to assault a yielding Virgins Heart, till in the embrace of some dear dear Man, Desires meet Desires, Souls link Souls, and Tides dash Tides; that ne're forgotten minute of Delight takes an impression of that rooted Sweetness, so dear, so deep even in our inmost Thoughts, till that dear Darling never banish'd Lord of our best wishes fills up so large a Room in our remembrance, that all our after-Favourites, ordained to reap our fainter Blessings left, succeed but like the Heirs of the Great Alexander; they only Canton out our Hearts, our subdivided Favours, Reigning but like pettier Provincial Lords, where his sublimer vaster Empire was All and Universal. Oh hold Aspasia, Replyed the Transported Queen, Thou hast touch'd me in the tenderest part; and if there be an Art of Painting Souls, certainly thou hast made a Master-piece; for never was Effigies drawn so near the Life. True, my Prophetick Aspasia, that never, never Banish'd Lord of my First, Best, yes, and my Last Eternal Wishes, is my Sanctiflore. And after such an envious Divorce, a hideous dismal yawning Separation of more then ten long distant Years torn from me; Oh wish what meeting, twining, rioting Bliss, in those dear Arms could I pour out my Soul. After this frank Confession of Messalina, the Generous Aspasia Employs the remaining part of their Conference in Advice and Council; she lays before her, how that Sanctiflore being in so eminent a Station in the Army, in this active Juncture of

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the Affairs of *Polydorus*, could not possibly be permitted any long absence from his Post of Honour; that as he came only with Martial Expresses from the Camp, undoubtedly his Dispatches will be matter of Haste and Expedition, and consequently his stay at Court but short; and therefore the Golden Fruit must be speedily gathered, lest *Polydorus*, by his sudden Commands upon *Sanctiflore*, should unluckily prove the envious Dragon to intercept it. And therefore Reservedness and Disdain, (those common Female Arts of postponing Bliss, only for the fantastick vanity of heightning their value; at best but a customary foolish Hypocrisy in the Sex.) must now be laid aside. Nay, and considering that *Sanctiflore*, were his Desires as ardent as her own, however, must not, or indeed dares not presume to any Address of Love to the Queen of *Albion*, the Advances therefore must be all of her own side; in short *Messalina* must be the first Fair Inviter to the amorous Field; and that she need not be abash'd at being her self the Aggressor, she desires her to consider that Necessity in that case had made that a Virtue in a Royal Character, which possibly might be a blemish in Ladies of a lower Station. 'Tis true indeed, since Honour perhaps may scruple at pronouncing the last consummating Oracle from her own Lips; however, *Aspasia* offers her that Assistance and Service as shall take off that Blush: for that Province shall all be her own. The Queen threw her fair Arms about *Aspasias* Neck, in Gratitude for so Generous a Friendship, expressing her acknowledgements in all the softest endearing Terms suitable to the Obligation of so extraordinary a promised Service.

Upon the full result, the final Conclusion being agreed upon, and the whole Scene laid between

'em;

em; in pursuance of the Measures resolved, after Dinner *Aspasia* finds *Sanctiflore*; and inviting him into the Queens Privy Garden, at the end of their first walk, they are met by *Messalina*; *Sanctiflore* approaching with all the profoundest Respect, and *Aspasia* retiring, the Queen Graciously lending him her hand to walk with her, and taking the advantage of a close Walk sheltered both from envious Eyes, and dangerous Ears; after several languishing Aspects, the softest Eloquence of her Eyes, and a hundred little kind introducing Preliminaries, (all which how sensibly soever the charmed *Sanctiflore* might interpret to his Advantage, yet his trembling distance to Imperial Qualitie durst yet only silently receive,) she came at last to the condescending Confession and Discovery, that her *Sanctiflore* was a Person she never had and never can forget; and though advanced to share the *Albion* Diadem, the Bed and Throne of *Lycogenes*, yet her blushing weakness compelled her to tell him, that to *Sanctiflore* she was still the Daughter of *Italy*, and Neice of *Boanerges*. The Transport of *Sanctiflore* at this ravishing Declaration, too full of Extasy to be able to make answer in any other Language, threw him prostrate at her Feet, which, grasping her Knees, he Kist with so much Ardence and Passion, that *Aspasia* thought it her Qu of Entrance now, and accordingly coming up to them; *Help me my dear Aspasia*, cryed the Queen, *Help me to fly from this bewitching Man, to seek some silent cover for my shame, and bide my burning Blushes*. At which the Queen having by a kind of Force got loose from his Arms, immediatly ran away, leaving the Baron and *Aspasia* together. *Aspasia*, whose Part began at the Queens Exit, has now the opportunity of paying her indebted promise of serving the

Queen, and accordingly addressing to the Baron, in an artful and insinuating Relation tells him, *How surprizing the sight of a Person sometimes so dear to her had been; what a Passion it had awakned; what Violence, but all in vain, the Queen had put upon her self: How Love had over-mastered her Reason and Resolution; what Fatality the Twice Victorious Sanctiflore carried with him; and after all, how thankfully he ought to receive the yielded Laurel; and how Honourably use his Triumph.* Upon all which Topicks she enlarged with all the Harange and Flourish fit for the Amorous Subject. All which *Sanctiflore* heard with that infinite Satisfaction and heighten'd Delight; and (having now found a Tongue) with a hundred several other most extravagant acknowledgments of the Divine *Messalinas* sublime Favours, he conjured the kind *Aspasia* to assure her Majesty that her smile had rais'd him to that exalted Felicity, that he could even despise Kings, and almost pity Gods, and that had he millions of Lives and Souls, they were all her Vassals, and her Sacrifice. *Aspasia* being now come to the last point of her Commission, tells him she must take her leave at present, but withal desires him to make this Garden his walk alone after Sun-set, and so order his Affairs this Night, that he may Dedicate it to Felicities design'd for him; to which the Marchioness of *Tomazo* should be his Harbinger: and so bids him good night, leaving him to all the Beatifick Visions in the First Heaven of Love, *Expectation*.

All things now conspire to give our *Messalina* a Scene of Bliss even to their highest Wishes; for the Evening is now drawing on, and our *Sanctiflore* walking in the Garden with all the impatience of furious Love, repining at the very Sun for setting too slow, that his Happiness could rise no faster;

her; when *Tomazo* appears to him, and gives him
 a particular Mandate at Nine at Night to be in
 the Queens Gallery, where her self should be his
 farther Guid; and so retires to the Queen. Our
 Lover is not only fixt, and all preparations made
 for his Reception, but also, as her good Stars
 would have it, the Queen has not all this Day
 received one Visit from *Polydorus*; his Indigesti-
 on belike of last Nights over-surfeiting with his
 course Feast upon poor *Lactilla* for the mistaken
 Regale of his Divine *Messalina*; his gorging with
 Lees, instead of Nectar; had put that melancholly
 shaggreen upon him, even to a shame that wan-
 ted Confidence (at least for one four and twenty hours)
 to look her in the Face; so that no Interruption
 from that Danger was like to disturb her. The
 Hour of Nine now drawing nigh, something of
 the earliest Bed-time with *Messalina*, (but a pre-
 tended Indisposition had not only salved all that,
 but also cleared the whole Coast for the safe Ad-
 mission of her *Sanctiflore*,) amongst other roving
 Fancies, *Polydorus* came into her Head, a Servant of
 that Quality, that at least in due time must be
 considered; though at present her more dimini-
 tive Thought, (for Majesty does not in all Cases
 carry the Preheminence) compared with the over-
 ruling Ascendance of *all pure Love*, in that Object
 of her more delicate Delight her dearer *Sanctiflore*.
 As *Polydorus* however was such an Adorer, as for se-
 veral Reasons must be endeared, her ruminating
 Fancy whisper'd her, that, considering his absence
 of a whole Day from her, and the known Malady
 the cause of it, she could not do better than Write
 a kind Billet to him; a piece of Gallantry which
 after his late shameful Recoil in her Arms, would
 undoubtedly be received with that Rapture, and

to heighten his Value of his Darling *Messalina*, as might make for her Interest: Tis true, a Billet on that Subject from her, would be somewhat a fault on the *Fond* side of Love; however, as Fondness was always the captivating Allurement with *Polydorus*; (for even his once famous Vestal Mrs. arrived to all her Grandeur by no other Charm,) and therefore excusable; a little fondness too, on another account might be at present her wisest Game, especially should *Sanctiflore*, (as she trusted in her kindest Stars he would) stay long at Court; as a necessary and politick prevention of Jealousy in *Polydorus*, a Frailty too much in his Nature; and which her Conversation with the Baron, if not artfully managed, would give him speedy occasion for: and therefore resolving to Dedicate to Morrow Night to the Embraces of *Polydorus*, she sets Pen to Paper and Writes this following Billet, Designed not to be delivered till to Morrow Morning, and so Written accordingly.

TO *POLYDORUS*.

S I R,

A Whole Days unwonted Absence of *Polydorus* must proceed from some uncommon Cause; the unknown Reason of which, gives you this troublesome Billet from a Jealous *Messalina*. However, both to Correct and Instruct you to Repair your Faults, so Order your Affairs this Night, that you may receive your long Reprimand in the Arms of

MESSALINA.

Having Sealed this short but sweet Epistle, she gives it to *Tomazo* with a particular charge early to Morrow morning to attend the King, and either at, or before his uprising, deliver it, or see it carefully sent in to him; having this farther reserve of advantage to her self in it; that the receipt of so welcome a Paper as the Invitation to her Bed at Night, would undoubtedly so take up our *Polydorus* whole days thoughts, that she need not fear any interrupting visit from him in the morning, to incommode her happy Minutes in *Sanctisiores* Embraces, whom she is very well assur'd, she shall not be willing so easily nor over early to part with. *Tomazo* engages to execute her Commission with due Diligence and Application; and now the hour of Nine approaching, lends her helping Hand to undress the Queen, and puts her to Bed; and that done, goes in Quest of the Baron, whom she soon finds in the Gallery, and having introduced him, tells the Queen, *she had brought a Mate for a cooing Turtle*; and so leaving the two happy Lovers to an absolute *Jubile of Love*, (where the whole Arrears of an Age are to be paid in the *Revels* of a Night;) she locks 'em in together, and bids 'em good Night. Tis true, the Marchionesses apartment was an adjacent Chamber to the Queens, with a Door of Communication between 'em, where as being now the Queens only Night-waiting Bed-Chamber Lady, she always lay, as a Matron of that sworn Secrecy and Fidelity to *Messalina*, that upon all occasions was to be confided in, in Matters and Intrigues, not to be committed to the Charge or Trust of any common Courtier: however, she thought it a little of the earliest for any but *Pairs* to go to Bed yet. Besides, for another great reason, she was not over-sord of being a Listener to Joys

Joys so near her, as but at one thin Walls distance, which old as she was, might perhaps put her into longings that might disturb her Nights sleep; for which Cause she would prudently keep away an hour or two, not only to return a little more sleepy to Bed, and thereby less capable of receiving that disturbance, but also to find the Lovers too after two hours engagement the less capable of giving her that disturbance. Sway'd by these Reasons our *Tomazo* withdraws; and immediately taking her Chair designs to spend an hour or two in visits. Her first Ramble carried her to a knot of *Gotwick* Ladies of her acquaintance, engaged at Cards, where she fell in and made one at *Ombre*; but her luck being bad, after a two hours loosing Hand, it being now past eleven, she thinks it time to adjourn homewards; but in her march, being to pass under *Aspasias* Window, and finding extraordinary Lights in her Lodgings, and a great Crowd of Coaches and Attendance at her Door, she stops her Chair, and resolves to look in, and see what good Company she had gotten, and to bid good Night and to Bed: When she comes up, who should she meet there but *Polydorus* and a very great Train of the greatest *Grandeers* of *Gotbland* making their Court to *Aspasia*: For the King hearing of the Arrival of a Lady of her Intimacy with *Messalina*, and likewise the Wife of a Person of that eminent Fidelity and Zeal in the *Pagan* Cause as her Lord *Latroom*, had generously vouchsafed her the Honour of a Visit, attended with the highest Nobility of his Kingdom. Our *Tomazo* meeting *Polydorus* so Fortunately, presently considers with her self, that either some necessary Service to the Queen, or her own Rest in the Morning, may possibly make her
over.

over-slip her critical Time of obeying the Queens Commands in the delivery of her Letter; besides the needless Trouble of a mornings Ramble and Attendance, for what an opportunity much fairer was presented; she resolves to embrace this good Fortune, and by way of supererrogation not stay till to Morrow, but give him the Queens Billet to Night. Accordingly watching his motions, by a private Sign expressing her Inclination of speaking with the King, *Polydorus* instantly singles himself out to a Window at some little distance, where the Marchioness without any words steals the Billet into his Hand; and after a Compliment made, takes her leave. *Aspasia* and the rest of the Noble Company, press much for her stay: but excusing her self with the lateness of the Night, and her own Constitution that could not dispense with unreasonable Hours; but above all that she did not expect so splendid a Court, her visit being only intended *ex passant* in her way to Bed, she immediately withdraws, takes Chair, and moves off; and entering her Lodging with all the tenderest silence she could, for fear of disturbing that short but necessary Repose of the Lovers, to which their hearty fatigue no doubt by this time invited them, she steals into Bed; where [leaving her to her Rest, and returning to our *Polydorus*.] No sooner had *Tomazo* delivered the Letter as we told you, but the King notwithstanding the silent delivery, not doubting but it come from the Queen, both by the Messenger and the manner of the conveyance into his hand, was not a little transported at the very receipt of a Billet from *Messalina*; but when he came to Read it, and found himself that best and more than happy Man, to be invited to the Bed of his *Messalina*, a whole Night in her Arms;

Arms; and *this very Night*, (for so the Invitation ran) he was so rapt with the very thought, that he could hardly contain himself, so extravagant a Joy possess'd him: However, with all the Decorum and Civility so hasty a parting Compliment would admit, he takes his leave of *Aspasia*, for indeed his Soul was upon the Wing; and no expedition fast enough, to carry him to the Arms of his *Messalina*. Dismissing therefore at his departure all his Nobles, Attendants, and his very Guards, he only Selects two confiding Grandees Masqueraded for his present *Guard du Corps*, and immediately putting himself into incognito and in a private Chair, with these only Attendance is he carried to the Queens Palace. Where leaving his Chair below and the two Noble Masqueraders as his Watchmen and Scouts, up stairs he mounts, and opening all Doors by his Key, he is instantly got to the Queens Bed-Chamber. But as the General Keys of the Palace could open all other Doors, and he had made his own way thus far: However, he must be forced to depend upon the Queens Favour for Entrance here. Accordingly first modestly (in the Court fashion) scraping at the Door, but hearing no answer; (for truly at this minute, the Queen and her *Santifiore* were in a Gouden Slumber, possibly repeating in a lovely Dream, the Joys on which they had so lately and largely Feasted waking,) after three or four times endeavouring to be heard by this gentler sort of motion for Admission, and no answer returned; enboldned at last by the impatience of Love, he ventures to make a pretty smart knock, and with an audible Voice to call, *Tomazo! Tomazo! Madam, the Marchioness!* This unexpected Alarm, the distinct Voice of *Polydorus* at her Bed-Chamber-Door,

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put our *Messalina* (who with her awakning Lover had now both their Eyes and their Ears too open) into so terrible a fright, as made her sink almost dead into the Arms of her *Sanctiflore*, (a very un-
 resting Pillow at present) for so dismal an apprehension had seized her, that the Kings Presence in that manner, unient for, and at so unseasonable an hour, appeared to her (so far from the real cause that brought him) nothing less than certainly some Matchivil Train against her own Honour and her dear *Sanctiflores* Life, and that undoubtedly he had half a Battallion at least at his Heels for the Execution of it. What tremendous-
 Forms this sudden Gorgon had rais'd, may easily be imagined; when all she could utter, was; *Oh my Sanctiflore, we are undone.* Nor wanted our Baron some little feeling too of *Messalinas* pain; for as naturally undaunted as he was at the Facing of Death, and as much, and as long prepared as our brisk Warriour had been for sleeping in the *Bed of Honour*; yet as his own Reason, besides the Queens Fright, suggested that nothing but some Revengeful transport of Jealous Love, could make the King so untimely a visitant: His violent suspicion of some ill-boding impendent Fatality upon himself put him in a little Bodily fear at present. The same Alarm too, had rowzed our *Tomazo*, who scarce ten minutes in Bed, and not five of them asleep, was in a perfect maze half asleep, and half awake, in her Smock by the Queens-Bed. *Oh my Tomazo*, crys the Queen, *What cursed Destiny has conspired my Ruine.* Nay, *Madam*, answered the Marchioness, *I know not what Devil's in the Wind, unless the King has mistaken your Letter.* *My Letter*, Cryed the Queen; *Sure thou hast not given it him?* Yes, by my Troth, I met him at *Aspasias*

Lodgings, and to save the trouble of a Journey to Morrow morning—— Nay then, Cryes *Messalina*, the Cause is plain, and thy officious folly has undone me. However, recovering some of her frightened Senses again, at the satisfaction she received from *Tomazo*, which had dissipated her first hideous apparitions; and finding that a gentle tho' cross Gale of Love, and not a storm of Vengeance had driven him thither; upon farther re-collection of mind, as unlucky as the accident is, in one half minutes thought, she has cast about to recover all, and retrieve both his Life, and her own Honour. And thereupon in a few short huddled Words, she tells the Baron that she must beg his Pardon, that there was an unfortunate Amour between her self and *Polydorus*; that a mistaken delivery of a Letter had occasioned this unhappy Visit of the King; that nothing but *Polydorus* admission could pacify all; and that if he valued his own Safety or her Reputation, he had no other means of shelter from the certain Vengeance of a too powerful Rival, but by instantly concealing himself in *Tomazo's* Chamber, and lying hush'd in her Bed, till she received the King; and by her management made way for his Deliverance. This Proposal was immediately embraced, and without any reply, *Tomazo* and *Sanctisfior*e, are all hands at work at a nimble conveyance of all his Cloaths, Sword, Wig, Hat, and all other Rigging into the next Room, as well as the darkness of the Night would permit, for the last Candle was put out when *Tomazo* went to Bed; whilst the Queen in the mean time, for want of better Attendance was put to the making her own Bed again, and laying the Pillows, the Bed-cloaths, &c. in as much Decency and Order again as possibly so short a warning from

from so late a ruffle could put 'em into. All which performed with all the hurry and expedition imaginable, and our *Sanctiflore* got snug into *Tomazoes* Bed, the Marchioness unlocks the Door and admits the King, and with an immediate Apology ready at her Tongues End, to excuse his Reception in the dark, which otherwise might have surprized him. *Oh Sir*, says she, *Excuse the weakness of my poor Mrs. that loves you but too well, who is so strangely ashamed of that bold Paper she sent you, that she dares not expose her Blushes to the light, so think what a fond Creature you have made of her.* The King thus introduced, immediately unriggs himself for Bed, where the Queen receives him with such open Arms, and endearing Embraces, that nothing possibly appeared more kind; tho' in truth our amorous Monarch comes but to a poor thin Gleaning in the Field of Love, after so large a Harvest so profusely cropt and carried off before; for in reality, her heartier fatigue with *Sanctiflore* had so much imbeciled her Present Caresses, that her most passionate Languishments in *Polydorus* Arms are little better than feigned, the movements rather of Art than Nature; (a refuge always favourable to that fair sex, who boast that peculiar Advantage above ours, that in the assaults of Love they can battle without Amunition, and engage even with the empty Quiver when all the Bolts are gone.) 'Tis thus, our fondling *Messalina* manages her wanton Dalliances with the more than ravisht *Polydorus*. On the other side, our sculking *Sanctiflore* lying *Perdue* in *Tomazoes* Bed, with the cold comfort of an old Maſtron by his side. (but that's the least of his grievance) and troth with a pure Virgine Innocence too, lies ruminating with a hundred restless Thoughts about him. One while
he

he thinks of the Paradise he is so suddenly excluded from; then of the aggravating consideration of the over-rivalling Imperial Ravisher that banishes him; after that, the ill-paid Merit of so many sighing languishing Years for the adored *Messalina*, rewarded by his penurious Stars, only with one poor hour of happiness; and that too, immediately sullied and blasted by the incroaching Felicity of a more happy, or at least more formidable Favourite; and even his own yet warm, yet melting Caresses in her Arms, all dashed and blended; (Oh the nauseating Imagination) with the miscellaneous Adulteration of slubberd-Joyes; and above all, himself so totally excluded from all his poor short Reign of Victory, as if his succeeding bolder Triumpher had razed the very Monuments, and even defaced the memory and footsteps of his Conquest: So witty and curious is Thought to its own tormenting pain; and so sullen and gloomy Contemplation where the vapours of disturb'd Love sit brooding for the exhalation. Perhaps after another turn on his Bed, (so volatile is the rowl of Fancy,) a more smiling *Idea* dawns before him. First, he remembers with what killing Horrors she heard the very Name of *Polydorus*, and almost fell dead into his Arms, even at the sound. Then he reflected with what revelling Dalliances, Love flowed in Torrents. (Oh the balmy sweets!) Embraces so twining, as if her transmigrating Soul had Kist through her Lips. And if the pitied poor deluded *Polydorus*, by the Caprice of wanton Fortune, was blindly shuffled into her Arms; what then! he comes too late: Alas, the purer Fires were all burnt out before; himself, his happy self, had run down all the Gold, the bright *Elixir*; and the dull drudging Chymist

after

after him was only toying amongst Smoak and
 Cinders ; perhaps indeed she kist him, embraced
 him : meer cheat, hypocrisy ; a bribe for her own
 Honour, and the Life of her *Sanctifiore*. In short,
 he had found himself so dear a guest to her Bo-
 som, heard those protesting Accents from her Lips,
 that sealed 'em as they sell ; so sealed 'em that *Po-
 lydorus* comes but an intruder ; steals her forced,
 tired, unwilling kisses, and only plays the Riffler
 and the Plunderer. But to draw towards Mor-
 ning, our Lovers all kept restless, and pleased on
 all sides ; our *Sanctifiore* with the tickling satis-
 faction of a cullied unenvied *Polydorus* ; our *Messa-
 lina*, though disappointed of sublimer Pleasures, yet
 not a little delighted to think how cheap, and yet
 so high her Arms had treated, in furnishing out
 so Rich a Feast to the Rioting *Polydorus*, with all
 but Fragments ; her whole Nights Charms all o're
 so lovely fair, and yet their Gold beat out so thin.
 But after all their several satisfactions, upon the first
 peep of Day, our cautious *Messalina* bethinks her
 self of her wise and timely dislodgement of her
Polydorus : Accordingly she tells him, *that if he va-
 lues the continuation of her Favours, the preserving
 her Reputation must be the effectual means of securing
 'em ;* wherefore, how unwilling soever, she is com-
 pelled to desire his uprising, and his securing his
 safe retreat by the kind shelter of the same friend-
 ly darkness that introduced him. The *King*, who
 indeed by this had exhausted his whole present
 Artillery, is the readier to obey her Commands,
 to have the fairer opportunity of quitting the
 Field with Honor ; and as dark as it was, made a
 shift to dress him in his *Disshabillee*, (the Queen
 begging Excuse that *Tomazo* was not called to
 strike a Light, lest the blaze of a new lighted
 Candle

Candle at that unseasonable hour in her own Bed-Chamber, might occasion matter of curiosity to any accidental wakeing Eye near it.) The *King* after a Hundred Protestations and Vows of Eternal Love and Fidelity, by the help of *Tomazo*, who unlocks the Door for him, retires to his Chair, and so home to his Bed; his little sleep truly, and much exercise, of his ruffled Spirits all Night inviting him to a heartier Mornings slumber, than ordinary. The *King* is no sooner departed, but the Queen prepared for twenty little amorous Excuses to her *Sanctifore*, for her unfortunate Amour with *Polydorus*, by her summons likewise, the Baron begins to dress himself; but immediately upon search for his Cloathes, amongst all his other Rigging, he misses his Breeches; which upon sudden recollection, must either be unluckily left behind upon the Queens Couch by her Bed-side in the hurry of their removal, or else dropt in the passage by the way. Instant inquiry is thereupon made, when to his no little surprize and confusion, he finds the Kings Breeches dropt behind the Couch; and his own very fairly marcht off with by the *King* in their stead. What sudden out-cry on all Hands this fatal mistake had raised, may well be imagined. As for *Tomazo*, she was almost thunder-struck to think, not only the First, in the delivery of the Queens Letter, but also, this last more fatal Errour lay wholly at her Door; that in her accursed over-haste, she should so unfortunately drop the Barons Breeches from out the rest of his Cloathes, and the *King* so unluckily to meet with them. The first shock of their fright was such, that except [rain'd, betray'd, undone!] or some other such short Raptures to the same tune, they could hardly get out one reasonable word.

But

But at last, a little consideration being thought seasonable; they begin to examine the inside and outside marks of Both the Breeches, to see if there were any shadow of hopes, that the King going home to Bed, might not possibly discover the mistake. As for the Breeches themselves, it fell out so that they were both Velvet, the Kings only Crimson, and the Barons Scarlet. In the Kings pockets were only a few pieces of Gold, and a Gold Watch, with a Seal cut in a Ruby, tied to the Chain of it; and a snutch-Box: But the Baron in the discovery of his pockets, tells the Queen, *Tis true, he had a Gold Watch in his too, and some small matter of Money; but then here came the misery, his Commission was in his pocket; (plain demonstration in the case, that would infallibly rise up in Judgment against him;)* and besides, *that very Jewel that he valued above his Life, her Majesties Picture set in Diamonds, presented to him as a mark of her First Favour, which he had ever about him.* Alas, Replied the Queen, *That foolish Trifle is not worth your thought, that loss might be Repaired; besides, my dear Sanclifore has so much interest in the substance, that the loss of the shadow should not afflict him.* But oh! *this accursed Commission! That fatal Paper points out my dear Sanclifore a certain Victim to the Bloody Rage of Polydorus.* At this last Apprehension she could not forbear bursting out into a torrent of Tears, which wrought a very tender Impression in the Baron. Having at last retrieved Reason enough from an hundred passionate Expressions in concern for her Barons danger; upon farther debate upon this accident, they considered, possibly the King might go to Bed without taking Cognizance of the colour of his Breeches; and also have no occasion of searching his pockets to make any discovery by the

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inside

Inside Intelligence; and more than that, the
 Master of his Ward-robe might lay out other
 Cloaths for his next dressing. But, alas, what sig-
 nified that; for though indeed all the Money found
 in 'em goes to a Fee; both the Watch, the Picture,
 and the Commission, would certainly (as customary)
 be put into the pockets of whatever Breeches he
 should next wear; so that either way, the Kings
 surprize at finding all those things about him, would
 lead him into a thousand Imaginations, but none
 of 'em either to *Messalina's* Honour, or to *Sancti-
 fiore's* Safety. What to do, or which way to turn
 themselves in this unhappy Labyrinth, they can-
 not tell. However, 'tis resolved between them,
 that *Sanctifiore* should immediately withdraw, lest
 the King might return and surprize him there,
 and not go to his own, but *Aspasia's* Lodgings, to
 be out of harms way till such time she had felt
 the Kings Pulse: For as sooner or later the King
 must find those things, undoubtedly his Curiosity,
 (whatever his Resentments were) would soon bring
 him to the Queen; and if so, possibly Womans
 wit, which yet never fail'd her, would so far friend
 her, as to save all. For as 'twas impossible for
 her to know the Kings particular Sentiments till
 she saw him; so all stirring in the matter before
 then, might rather create Jealousies, than allay
 them. Besides, she had so much confidence in her
 own assurance, that her blushes should not betray
 her Guilt; and whatever humour she found him
 in, she was resolved to look so unconcern'd, and
 wear such perfect Innocence in her Face and her
 behaviour, as well managed might make for both
 their Safety. Accordingly *Sanctifiore*, with two or
 three deep sighes of his own, and as many of the
 Queens, and a wet Eye too into the bargain, takes
 his

his leave, submitting the whole disposal of his Destiny to no other Guardian-Angel than *Messalina*.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Contemplations at his parting with *Messalina* had rapt him much above the consideration of what colour his Breeches were of, it goes so fair for us, that he's at present in Bed heartily sleeping; and no part of any discoveries yet made. And being to give Audience about Eleven a Clock this Morning to an Embassadour Extraordinary from the *Grand Seigneur*; a very Rich Embroidered Suite for the State of the Day is ready for his wearing. *Polydorus* being got up and drest, no sooner than just time enough for the appointed hour of Audience; in the middle of the Embassadours Speech, putting his hand in his pocket for his Satch-Box, he lights upon a Gold Box, which opening, he finds the Contents much Richer than the outside, viz. the Queen of *Albions* Picture set in Diamonds. The sight of so dazzling a Jewel striking so sudden upon him, and so unexpected; appeared a meer Vision to him. The Darts that attended even but the shadow of his adored *Messalina*, gave him a touch so near his heart, that he could not but conceive an infinite Pleasure at so charming a miniature of the beauties of his *Albion* Divinity—But how came he by it? so inestimable a Jewel in his possession, and yet so unaccountably dropt into his Hands! I, that's the question! Yes, such a question which Love, that always plays its own flatterer, soon answers for him. For that generous *Messalina*, who had given him such a Night of Raptures; nay, and had Written her self the inviting Summons into so fragrant a Field of Paradise; as an amorous Endearment to her so highly fa-

ous'd *Polydorus*, must undoubtedly have gotten
 this Jewel convey'd into his Pocket; a Care
 so surprizing as infinitely heightned (if possible)
 the value of the Present. Amongst an hundred plea-
 sing Thoughts, (for the fond are easily tickled)
 upon so surprizing an Adventure, (which indeed
 had so taken up his Meditations, that he was but
 an indifferent Attender to the Embassy) it came
 into his head to dive a little deeper into his poc-
 ket; for if the Rich Mine, upon the first search
 had produced so wealthy a Treasure, possibly it
 was not yet wholly exhausted. For who knows,
 thought he, (for Love is naturally avaritious)
 but his *Messalina* may have obliged him with some
 other kind Favour, if 'twere no more than a Let-
 ter with it, as a kind Interpreter to the silent
 Oratory of this Beauteous but Toungeless Charmer.
 Accordingly, upon a second search in his Pockets,
 he lights upon the Barons Commission. How, *San-
 cti-fiores* Commission in *Polydorus's* Pocket! Yes,
 very likely. The Queens Country-man, nay, and
 some part of a Relation to her! And undoubtedly
 his Commission by the same fair Hand convey'd
 into his Pocket, as her Picture was: And though
 his present Apprehension cannot lead him to any
 fixt or positive Conjecture, why her Picture should
 come so attended, he has no Curiosity for so puz-
 zling an inquiry. Let it suffice her fair Hand has
 lodged it there, for Causes and Reasons to her
 self best known; which in her own due time, her
 own fair Lips will vouchsafe to explain. It is
 enough, he's Master of a Jewel of that inestima-
 ble Value, the Sacred Image of his Goddess, the
 unquestioned Demonstration of her kindest Favour,
 with neither Riddle nor Mystery in it; but all
 Love, pure Love, and nothing else but Love both
 in

in the Blessing and the Conveyance of it. Our *Polidorus* is so all on Fire to be throwing himself at his *Messalina's* Feet, in Gratitude for so transcendant an Endearment, that he is almost impatient till the Embassy's finish, (it being the first time that an Ottoman Embassadour could tire him before.) And that dispatcht, he immediately posts away to the Queens Palace; whether he comes with that chearful and, indeed transported Look, that *Messalina* began to read a favourable prologue in his very Eyes. The King finding the Queen alone with only *Tomazo*, (for indeed the Queen had so managed it, as to avoid all Visits on purpose for a private Conference) Oh Madam, [falling upon his Knees] You have so greatly Surprized me, so blest me— This little Divinity, this invaluable Treasure— [kissing the Picture] Fie, Sir, [raising him] Replied the Queen, But pray [smiling] when did this little Divinity (as you are pleased to call it,) that it seems descended in a Cloud, first discover it self to you? Oh Madam, not above half an hour ago. Just in the height of my attending the Ottoman Embassy, I found this little Dear Beauty crept into my Hand, with that surprize, that I protest, it put my whole Politicks of Empire, quite out of my Head; and my heart was so wholly taken up with receiving this little Envoy from the fair Majesty of Albion, that I had not leisure to lend Audience to any less favoured Royal Representative. The Queen, who by this time had made discovery enough to lighten the whole Load of her Soul, thought it seasonable to make this answer. Well, Sir, you see what a confident thing your Love, or rather my own has made me; that I durst take the boldness, by the help of kind *Tomazo*, to steal so worthless a trifle into your Pockets— Worthless?

Replied

Replied the King? Yes, my Polydorus, answered Messalina, worthless indeed; that poor dull shadow, a faint and weak Resembler of the passionate Messalina, when her Soul, her intire Devoted Soul to Polydorus, not all the Pencils in the World can draw. That Imagery, that Pourtrait-work fit only for the Pencil of the Gods, the Gods that know, that see, yes, and themselves inspired that Heart, where Polydorus Reigns, and Reigns alone. But, alas, whether does Love transport me! Let me not boast my Virtues too fast, before I first beg Pardon for my Faults. For I have committed a greater piece of boldness yet, in disarming a Colonel of yours. To take his Commission from him, was an Archievement which perhaps no power but Messalina's could have performed. But as a near Relation of Messalina, and a Native Subject of my Brother, I hope you'll Excuse his Resignation to my absolute Commands laid upon him. Nay, Sir, I have yet greater Presumption that wants your Forgiveness. For that Commission so boldly intruding into your Royal Hands, carries a bolder Petition along with it from a supplicating Messalina, whose Natural Affection for a Person so near to her Blood, brings her a Suitor to your Majesty, that, that Commission, though it self already so Honourable; yet, if Sanctifidores Courage and Fidelity, and my Intercession may prevail; may (when Opportunity will serve, or a Vacancy permit) receive some small additional Glory for my sake. Opportunity! and Vacancy! Replied Polydorus. Wait tedious Months, or Weeks, or Days, to grant a Boon, my Royal Messalina vouchsafes to ask her Polydorus? No, Madam, thus I cancel his Commission, [pulling it out of his Pocket, and tearing off the Seal] and in Exchange for a poor Regiment of Horse, I from this minute Create him a Marechal of Gallia; and bid him wait on me at Supper

to receive his New Commission. The Queen almost ravished at the Gallantry of Polydorus, on so pleasing a Subject as the Advancement of her Sanctifore, was Launching into a hundred Thanks and Acknowledgments; when the impatient Polydorus interrupting her. *Hold, Madam, I can bear no more, ob spare those unindebted Thanks; for by the Gods, I grant not this New Honour to the Baron of Sanctifore, at Messalina's Suit, but his own. No, Royal Madam, when Missalina's my Petitioner, reserve it for a Nobler Boon, worthier her self to ask, and me to Grant. It is enough the Baron of Sanctifore has Veins enriched with Messalina's Blood, and with that single Plea alone, stands Candidate for higher Honour; and I have but paid his due.* The Queen could hardly find words to express her Sense of the prodigious Generosity of Polydorus; nor indeed would Polydorus hear any on that Subject, pleasing himself undoubtedly with a greater vanity in gratifying his *Messalina*, without the vanity of receiving Applause for it. The Queen perceiving his humour, told him in a little airier Stile, *that she had play'd another Love-trick with him, she had made bold by her Tomazoes help too, to exchange a Watch with him (but indeed the Seal tied at the String, she had no design upon, which therefore she restores him)* resolving to count all her tedious widowed minutes in Polydorus absence, by no other Hand of Time but his own: *And if in his own gay hours in her absence, he would honour hers with the same use, it would be no little pleasure to her to think, that when his Eye should sometimes be cast upon it, it might now and then at an idler minute be his remembrancer of Messalina.* Polydorus flying into her Arms, and printing his Soul upon her Lips, made answer, *Yes, Madam, your Watch, your Picture, and your Eternal Charms*

Charms, shall all be my Remembrancers. But I have almost forgot my kind and generous Tomazo, my best Engineer in this Affair: At which calling to one of his Attending Lords in the Drawing-Room, he ordered him the Payment of Twenty Thousand Crowns to the Marchioness of Tomazo; a Present which made her smile; and for which she returned no small Compliment. To conclude their present interview, all parties are so well satisfied, more especially our over-joyed Polydorus, that he humbly besought her private Company in her Closet at Vesper-time; to which the Queen kindly answered, That all her hours are at his Service, when her whole Life must be so. After a parting Embrace, and a sealing Kiss, the King takes his Leave. Well, says Tomazo, to the Queen (as soon as the Kings Back was turned) Never was a pack of ill Cards so luckily play'd out as this Nights Adventures; Twenty Thousand Crowns for a Pair of Breeches so neatly liked with sham: In troth, would I had put the Doublet upon him too, for half such another Sum. Well, Madam, to your everlasting Honour be it spoken; never was Credulous Monarch so over-reach.

Whilest this Harangue between the Queen and Tomazo went on, Sanzifore increased their Company, who by his spies abroad, having Learned the Kings motions; was greedily come to inquire his Fate from his fair Oracle. The Queen with an open [*All Hail*] gives him Joy of his Marshchal-Staff, and briefly recounts the whole Scene betwixt the King and her self. Sanzifore was not a little delighted with a turn of Affairs so beyond all Expectations, himself so strangely mounted to the top of Fortunes-Wheel, by an Accident, that in all reasonable appearance, rather threatned his utter Destruction; and therefore first, in all the

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tenderest Expressions he Congratulated the miraculous Deliverance of the Queens Honour ; and then was falling at her Feet, as the sole Foundress of his Happinefs, to thank her for that endearing Character she had been so Generously pleased to give of him ; and to which alone he owed the whole Exaltation to his present glorious Preferment ; which the Queen would no ways permit, telling him very gaily, that *Polydorus*, tho' ignorantly, had done no more than Justice ; and the Mareschals-staff he had given, was but in Honourable amends for the Nights Joys he had robb'd him of : Nay, truly, in amends for her losses too ; the intollerable tedious Nights Pennance he had made her undergo ; there being certainly no dissimulation so irksome and uneasy, as playing the Hypocrite in Love, between a pair of Sheets ; especially, her dearer *Sanctisore*, the rightful Lord of the Night, lying so near, yet under so severe a *Bill of Exclusion*. The Baron was returning a compliment for all these obliging Expressions of *Messalina* ; but the Queen would not suffer the hearing it, telling him, that his immediate assiduous Attendance on *Polydorus*, was his present Duty, for his Commission would be Sealed to night ; bidding him make haste accordingly ; only desiring him to take this one consideration with him, that as she was engaged in an Amour with *Polydorus*, he would seriously reflect on the great difference betwixt an Amour of Interest, and an Amour of Choice and Election ; the first, only the gratification of our Pride, and our Vanity but the Last, the pleasure of our Arms and our Souls. The Baron was going to Reply, when the Queen waved her Hand to hasten him to *Polydorus*. However, the Baron remembring a Command from *Aspasia*, begs Pardon for three or four words from *Aspasia*, who was under some trouble in mind ; and

humly besought her Majesty to Honour her with a walk in the Garden about half an hour before Vespers, where she might fall at her Feet, and unbosom her Grievs to her Royal Mrs. And so he takes his leave.

The Queen much concerned at any thing that should disturb the Peace of her dear *Aspasia*; was impatient till the Evening drew on, that she might receive the knowledge of her Pain, in hopes of lending her ministering help to the Cure of it. The hour is come, and the Queen meets *Aspasia*; who indeed appears with Countenance as had not much tasted of sleep last Night, the very Aspect and Air of her Face being much changed from that natural Gayety that before was used to sit so lively and so lovely there. *Why, how now!* says the Queen, *What sad, my dear Aspasia? What sawcy sorrow dares invade those Eyes; Can any thing of Trouble uncalm thy Rest, or ruffle thy Brow, whilst thou art in a Court where Honour waits thee; at least whilst I have any there, my dear Aspasia shall share it. Ah, too Generous Madam,* Replied *Aspasia*, *Your Majesty cannot guess my Load of Grievs; nor can I find a Tongue to utter them, so much my guilty shame confounds me. Fye, Aspasia,* (answers the Queen) *Now you distrust my Friendship! Can thy Heart bold a murmur or a sigh, and Messalina's be a stranger to it! Ah Madam* (Replies *Aspasia*,) *But am I such a Criminal against that Friendship? Yet since my Crime must come before my Royal Judge, and stand your just Tribunal: Know, that the King, the Great, the Glorious, the most Pagan Polydorus, did me the Honour of a Visit last Night, in so much State and Grandeur. It was no more that what he owed thee* (answered *Messalina*) *both as Latroon's Lady, and Messalina's Friend. But my Aspasia, where's the guilty shame in this! Ah Madam,* says *Aspasia*, *The criminal Part's to come. What, cries Messalina,*

Did

Did he make Love to thee ! Love, to me Madam (answered Aspasia,) When so fair a Deity fills up his Heaven. [Messalina] Didst thou make Love to him then ? [Aspasia,] Make Love to him ! No, were he Greater than he is, all the Cæsars and Alexanders put together, I think I know my natural Pride too well, and far above so poor a weakness. Well then, Aspasia, (says the Queen) without mincing the matter, thou art e'en after all slain in Love with Polydorus. Oh Madam, replied Aspasia, After that Confession, that criminal Confession, how can your Royal Eye vouchsafe to look upon so black and so ungrateful a Creature, or suffer the vile Wretch to appear before you ? Look upon thee, my Aspasia, (says the Queen) Yes, and hug thee, kiss thee, love thee ; as kind, as close, as warm as ever. View thee all o're as fair and lovely as ever thou wert. Pray what has made the change ? Aspasia could hardly forbear falling at her Feet, at this obliging answer ; and the Queen continued her Caresses to her Aspasia, in so many endearing Terms ; that Aspasia untold the whole Root of her Pain ; told her, That the Imperial Polydorus appear'd with so much Majesty, and address'd with so much Gallantry, and moved with such a Port ; his Meen, his Person, his Glory, all so dazzling, that her own Charms drove not more rapid to the Captivating of Polydorus Heart, then Polydorus to the undoing of hers. In fine, the Hand of Fate was in it, and irresistible was the Influence.

As the continuation of this Discourse rais'd a great deal of Passion from the murmuring Aspasia, complaining of her hard Fate in so ill-placed a Love ; and as great Attention in the Queen, that listned with no small pity to all her sighs : we must be forced to leave them to their solitary walk ; and recount a little of the farther History of our Lord

Laforse, our *Lañilla*, the *Cambrian* Nurse, *Inamorato*. This unhappy Gentleman as you have heard at large, had his tother Nights *Vesper*-Affignation defeated by *Polydorus*, ordained by blind chance to leap into his Saddle, tho' Heaven knows full sore against his will, when his mistake of a Nurse for the Queen, (so poor a Cloud for so bright a *Funo*) cost him so many hard words and hearty sobs for it— But poor *Laforse* knowing nothing of the matter, is resolved to Visit his Mrs. this very *Vesper*-time, and after his Excuse for his two Days absence, reap those Blissés, the possession of which have only thus long been defer'd to heighten their Expectation, and enhance their Transport. Accordingly, the Bell ringing just now for *Vespers*, up to the Queens Bed-Chamber he boldly marches, and to his wish finds no body there but his *Lañilla* all alone, and the young Prince asleep in the Cradle by her. *Lañilla* was very much pleased at Sight of so dear a Face; but remembring in what an abrupt sort of manner he had flung from her Arms the last time, a little unkind (as she thought) after such kind Embraces as she fancied she had given him, that deserved better from him, was resolved to behave her self a little reserved to him. The Count who observed her shighness, and imagined it to spring from a quite contrary Cause, fancying his two Days absence the only occasion of her present sullen look; thought it Prudence to soften her Aspect by his just Apology. *Well, my Lañilla*, (says he) *You may have reason to deny your good looks to your Laforse, but I assure you, punish me as severely as you please, I have this innocence on my side, that you frown not upon a criminal, but an unfortunate Lover. For upon my Soul, dear Rogue, 'twas envious cruel Destiny, interposing Fate, that barr'd my Joy; that I could not possi-*

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bly see thee these two whole Days ; for that dear in-
 tended happy Evening the other Day, I heard the Queen
 was indisposed, and went not to Prayers, and then, I
 durst not, thou knowest, I durst not approach thee ; and
 all Day Yesterday I was out of Town, sent forty miles
 unluckily abroad with an Express from the King ;
 and came home Post not half an hour ago. After this
 honest frank Confession, I hope my dear will not now
 debar my happiness, but generously grant me all those
 Golden Bliss'es, for which I have sigh'd so long. Laetilla
 who was a little amazed at this Narrative, to hear
 him talk of tasting his First Joys now, when his me-
 mory must be either very treacherous, or himself
 very ungrateful, that could not, or would not re-
 member, how kindly she had entertained him in her
 Bosom before, and how profusely she had melted
 her Soul in his Arms on this very Bed, and not Forty
 Eight hours ago. (For the Devil a shadow of her
 mistake of the King for Laforse could enter into
 her Soul.) Accordingly turning a little scornfully
 towards him : *How Sir, (says she,) was not you here
 tother Night? I here my Dear, (says Laforse) thou
 knowest my Love I was not. [Laetilla] Oh you base man
 you, disown my Favours, slight my Love, base and un-
 grateful— [Laforse] I, I slight my dear Laetilla ! dis-
 own her Favours ! [Laetilla] Yes trecherous, false ungrate-
 ful wretch— [Laforse] Trecherous and False ! by
 Heaven, all Love all Constancy. Fye, my dear Love,
 no more ; Oh take me, take me to thy Arms, and let me
 breath my Life, my Love, my Soul, into thy Bosom. [Laetilla]
 Stand off Dissembler, [pushing him from her] I
 loath thy very sight. My Love not worth your Re-
 membrance ! Alas, I am but a poor Country-Woman,
 and you a Lord Forsooth ; a proud forgetful Devil.
 That fall of Lucifer, Pride, and worst of sins, Ingrati-
 tude ! No, you were not here tother Night, not you.
 What*

What the Devil (thinks *Laforce* to himself, does this raving Woman mean.) Pride of *Lucifer*, and Ingratitude, and the rest of her unintelligible Gibberish. [*Laßilla*] No, my false recanting Loon, my Equivocating Febustick Pagan proud Lord, you were not here tother Night. [*Laforce*] No Madam, if that will satisfy you, by all that's Sacred, or what's a properer Oath at this time; by all the Wind-mills in your Head, I was no more here then, than I was at the East-Indies. But what in the name of Frenzy is the meaning of all this, unless you have a mind to make us both run mad with Noise and Non-sense? *Laßilla* who hears him so heartily swear he was not there, has another new biting Maggot that stings ten times deeper than before; for now nothing less will serve her fancy, but that this false Lord has only abused her all this while, and he a Lord, and she but a poor Country-woman, has put only a trick upon her, has wrought her up to the yielding up of her Love, and instead of enjoying her himself, he basely and vilanously sent one of his Foot-men or Grooms to act their filthy Lust upon her: (such a piece of wickedness being no new thing, for she had heard stories of poor Women in *Albion* that had been so abused by ungrateful Debauches) and what confirms her that the Villain sent by *Laforce* tother Night to abuse her must be some such impostor, was that no sooner (who e're he was) had he gained his beastly ends upon her, but he left her so basely, clapt the Door after him so sliely, and run away so like a guilty Rogue as he was (which nothing of a Gentleman could ever have so served her) that at best he was some Varlet or Scoundrel. This imagination fell so violent and so strong upon her, that now she runs stark staring mad. And all the Rogues, Dogs, Villains, Traytors,

Traytors, Devils, is the best Language she can afford him. What was she a Woman to be abused by Laqueys and Foot-boyes. No, she'd have him to know when she was in *Albion*, she had Marquesses, nay Dukes and Princes sued for her Favours; put his Rascals and Paultrons upon her! The Count that understood not one Syllable of all this medley, was however several times endeavouring to thrust in a word or two towards bringing her to her right Wits again. But all in vain, for she talks all, rays on, and will hear nothing: was she a Woman he had the Impudence to think deserved no better, she that had Honourable Milk run in her Breasts, worthy to suckle a Prince, and the Heir of three Kingdoms: And sham his Scanderoons, his Taterdemallions upon her! Out on him for a Villain. To conclude, she fell a bellowing so heartily, and scolding so loud, till she e'en foamed at both corners of her Mouth; and after she had bethundered him, round the whole points of the compass, in all the indignation and scorn she could rowze, she flings from him, and quite forgetting the charge of her Nursery, led by Despair and Frenzy she runs in a distracted Rage cross the Room of State; and the Door of the Queens Closet happening to stand ajarr; without any thought whither led, or how carried, she flounces into the Closet, and throws her self upon the Couch. *Laforse* all this while in a perfect maze did not think it worth his while to follow her, but sat musing in the Bed-Chamber to think what Tarantula had stung her to run her into all these unaccountable Deliriums.

The King, who remembering his assignation with the Queen at *Vesper* Time, and who indeed had fortified even with Cock-broath and Jellies, for the meeting of his *Messalina*, had just now approach'd the

the Closet, the appointed Scene of Bliss; and entering in the Dark, had just a glimmering of light enough to perceive a Lady upon the Couch; who at that hour in that place, and in that posture, his Reason told him could be no other than his Divine *Messalina*. Accordingly, he makes his advance towards her in his Customary Prologue of, *Life of my Life, my dearest Guardian-Angel—* *Ladilla* hearing the very same style from the very same voice (for her Ears were now grown critical) and finding him the very same Counterfeit *Laforse*, the audacious Impostor that had deceived her before, presently thought no less than that her Arch-fiend and Devil of a Lord, had impudently sent the same Villain to abuse her once again. That very imagination in half a moment had turned her into so absolute a Fury, that with only a short Salute of, Monster, Russian, Traytor, she flew like a Tygress upon him, and with the first seize of her Talons, (which were not over-well pared) caught him by the Face, and tore him from the Eyes to the Chin. *Polydorus* at so strange an Assault, could hardly imagine less than the whole Confederate Army upon him. All he could do, was to disentangle our Milch-bear from his Face, and hold her Paws fast from farther Outrage. At which, she fell into so bellowing an out-cry, kicking and spitting in his Face, calling him all the Rogues and Rascals, Sons of Whores, pitiful Slaves, and what not: a shabby beggarly Scoundrel, as he was, to abuse a Woman of her Quality, that was too good for his Betters. Just at this very Instant, the Queen (who had over-slept some few minutes of her appointment with the King, by listening a little too zealously to *Aspasia's* Amorous Complaint in the Garden,) was with her *Tomazo* with a light in her Hand

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Hand gotten to the Door of her Closet; where certainly never so Comical a sight encountred her. The Great and Mighty *Polydorus*, the Terrour of the World, that had driven whole Nations before him, now Fencing against a poor silly Woman; and so much of the beaten side, his Wig stamp'd under her Feet, his Cravat all torn, and his Face all o're Bloody; a Trophy that all his Enemies could never boast of; (for indeed, tho' his Victories resound through the Universe, he had always the Prudence to keep personal danger at a distance, having ever the Caution of Fighting beyond reach of Cannon shot.) At the approach of the Queen, and the Light that had discovered our *Lastilla's* mistake, the poor Nurse to think what she had done, fell down dead in a Swoon'd, and then into a fit; insomuch that *Tomazo* was forced to call in help to bring her to her Senses again. The King in the mean while was gotten into the Queen's Bed-Chamber; (from whence poor *Laforse* at the beginning of the scuffle had very wisely drawn off) and was washing his Face, where he found so many shameful marks of her Indignation left, and so many not over Honourable Scars, the remains of her mortal Dugdeon; that he could hardly see himself in a Glass, without frightening himself. He very well remembered what poor Rogues and Dogs she had called him; and truly he fancied she was resolved to make him some such despicable Wretch; for he had so little a Face of a Gentleman left, that really he was hardly fit for Conversation. The concern of spoiling his Beauty, in so ignominious a manner made him stark mad: As for his appointed Amour, it put him so out of all humour of Love, that all the strong Broth and Chocolate he had Eat or Drank that Day, was at present thrown away upon him. The Queen a little pitying her Imperial Ser-

vant, in his present distress, humbly besought him to
 inform her the occasion of so outrageous a Behavi-
 our from *Lactilla*. *Outragious, Madam, Replied Po-*
lydorus! Hell confound her, for never was Monarch
in all kinds so handled by Rubbish, as I have been.
The Occasions! say you? *To satisfy that Curiosity,*
pray ask your Madam Trowel, your Brick-kill Cinder
her self: the occasions so shameful, and the accident so
scandalous, that tis fit for no other Mouth but her own.
 The King upon advice of laying something to his
 Face to prevent, as much as possible, the marks of
 her Nails, takes his leave, with no little grumbling
 about him, cursing his very Stars, that their ma-
 lice should have the Impudence to raise up so sordid
 a Reptile to give him disquiet: Our *Lactilla* is no
 sooner got to Life again, but she's in fear of a worse
 Death: For Wracks and Wild Horses are the least
 of her Visions, to think what vengeance hangs
 over her Head for an assault upon *Polydorus*; and
 though on the better side, she finds by the whole
 matter she has now had a Monarch instead of a Foot-
 boy in her Arms, the rectifying of that mistake makes
 little to her Satisfaction. For though her Ambition
 aspired to a young Lord, as her dear, (and now poor
 wrong'd) *Lasorje* was; yet *Polydorus* was so much
 above her Desires, that she fancies (if she escapes
 otherwise) she shall dye with shame. The very
 thought of so cruel a *Pagan* Tyrant (such was her
 apprehension of him) had created that Aversion that
 so Great a Man under so little a Character with her,
 was a more nauseous disquieting Thought, than the
 coarsest Amour she could have made. But her great-
 est Torment is yet to come; for poor *Lactilla* is called
 to Examination by the Queen; where in down right
 simplicity, interlarded with a great deal of blubbering
 and Begging Pardons, she confesses her weakness to
 the

the Lord *Laforse*, and the mistakes that had occasioned all this hurly-burly. The Queen, as serious a Face as she put upon it, could hardly forbear smiling; for now the mystery of *Polydorus's* first Impotence in her Arms is all unfolded; nor truly could she well be angry, the whole Adventure was so comical; however, she gave her a short Reprimand; telling her, that if she play'd such tricks any more, she must be forced to wean her Prince, and take her Nursery from her. Poor *Laßilla* fell upon her knees, and heartily besought her Majesties forgiveness, Vowing and Protesting all the future innocence in the World.

But come to the more important part of our History, the following Day is the expected *Lycogenes* Arrived at the Court of *Gothland*. I shall not be tedious in Recital of the Universal Addresses to so Imperial a Guest; and all the *Panegyricks* made him on so Divine a Subject, as that memorable Constancy to his Pagan Zeal, which will one Day give him that bright Starry Crown as shall more than compensate his Loss of three poorer Earthly Diadems; nor shall I recount what part our *Polydorus* bears in the magnificence of *Lycogenes's* Entertainment. Let it suffice the World resounds his Gallantry on that occasion, which Gallantry paid by *Polydorus*, not only as a Debt to the long sworn friendship between them, was possibly heightened by his private Gratitude to *Lycogenes* for his borrowed Felicities in his *Messalinas* Arms, as owing only to *Lycogenes's* happy Sanctuary taken in the Court of *Gothland*. In this State of Matters in the *Gallick* Court, our *Messalina* has a great many Irons in the Fire; to flatter and deceive her *Lycogenes*, to humour and caress her *Polydorus*, and to please and be pleased with her dear *Sanctisfore*; her forgotten Count *Dauliab*, being at present,

dispatch with a negotiation to *Boanerges*; and that worn-out-Lover, thanks Heaven, taken off of her Hands. *Messalina's* whole true Happiness seems bounded in her Darling *Sandiflore's* Embraces, whom she sees every Day more Resplendant, and every Hour more passionately Doats upon; in-somuch that she envies her compell'd Favours to *Polydorus*, as all Invasion upon the only Sacred Right of her dear Baron; and which on no other account she could forgive her self than the Satisfaction of the usury they were repay'd with, in the extraordinary Advancement of her *Sandiflore*; the profuse *Polydorus* having with a more than common Munificence furnish'd out her Barons Equipage and Grandeur in his new post of Honour; a consideration that soften'd her into easier compliances to *Polydorus* than otherwise she could so well have brook'd with patience. During this manage of Affairs some Days were past, when *Sandiflore* surprized with an immediate and unexpected Command from *Polydorus*, of repairing to the Army, comes to *Messalina* just after Dinner, and tells her, that with no longer warning than early to morrow Morning, he was Commanded to the Banks of the *Rhine*. The Queen, who though she knew the envious Day must come, that Love must truck to Glory, yet not prepared for so sudden an Alarm from the Trumpet of Honour; was not a little staggered at the sound. The concern it put her into, she was compell'd at present to stifle, this visit of her Baron being received in publick; so that all at present between 'em, was little more than usual Compliment in wishing Prosperity to his Sword, &c. only she whispered in his Ear to let him know, that about an hour hence, she desired to speak with him alone. The Baron accordingly makes his obeysance, and retires. No sooner was

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he gon, but getting loose, alone with her *Tomazo*, she poured forth those tender Lamentations for the Fatal blow that must ravish her dear *Sanctiflore* from her Arms, in such mournful Accents, as might have extorted compassion almost from a Rivals Eyes. *She knew not but to Morrow might be his eternal Farewell; the chance of War, so uncertain, and the undistinguishing Bullet and Sword such relentless Destroyers, that Merit or Worth are no Plea at their Arbitrary Tribunal.* These and many other Reflections drew a great many sighs from her; and what added to her misfortune, upon her resolving to have her *Sanctiflore* this last parting Night in her Arms, at least one Riotous Night of Pleasure, before their Fatal Divorce; in the transport of that Thought, to compensate if possible the abstinence of a whole Fasting Age to come; to her no small distraction, she remembers that this very Night she has unfortunately made an appointment with *Polydorus*; an Obligation that tis almost impossible to disengage her self from; and which, if she performs, under so cruel an Exclusion from the Arms of her parting *Sanctiflore*, must give her in the Embraces of *Polydorus*, a Night of so much Sacrifice and Pennance, as she can hardly think of, but with Impatience and Reluctance: *Tomazo* her self could not forbear telling her, that indeed to keep an Assignment with *Polydorus* to Night, and part with *Sanctiflore* to morrow, without one farewell Blessing, would be very hard. *No, my Tomazo, answered the Queen, Not Wild-Horses shall draw me to an Act of such Ingratitude; in short, Sink Nations, and Perish Worlds, nothing shall make her so wretched a Victim.* Whilest she's a Fortifying her self with this Resolution; her *Sanctiflore* approaches; where the Queen with so many tender Kisses, and twining Embraces, enricht with a Chain of flowing Pearl from her Eyes, entertaines

taines him so passionately, and so bewails and condols the impending hour of their separation, that nothing could be more moving. When the mutual sighings and murmurings between 'em had vented the tendrest sentiments of their Souls; the Queen to improve the few short minuts left, tells him, *That this last Night must be Dedicated to Love*, and accordingly, bids him order his Affairs. *Sanctifiore* receiving the seraphick Summons with all duteous Humility and Veneration, is compell'd to tell his *Messalina*, *That his preparation for such exalted Bliss, and some little hurry towards his Journey to Morrow, which must be dispatcht in the short remainder of the Day, call him away at present. The positive Hour of being ready at call, in the Gallery, at Ten at Night assigned*, our *Sanctifiore* till that blest hour, bids her adieu. He is no sooner marcht off, but our *Polydorus* big with the Expectation of this Nights Extasies, makes a visit to *Messalina*; who with a sorrowful Face, tells him, *She is very unhappy; for this very Night, which with so much satisfaction to her self, she had assigned to the Arms of her dear Polydorus, had her cruel Lycogenes sent her Word that he intended to Bed with her; desiring him withall to consider what uneasiness her defeated Joys must give her in so killing a Disappointment.* *Polydorus* who was toucht to the Heart at this surprizing News, tho' at the same time delighted with his dear *Messalina's* sensible Regret so visible in her Looks, after some few Revilings at his persecuting Stars, in the Debarment of his Joys, told her, *He must be forced, how unwillingly soever, to acquiesce to irresistible Destiny; For if the interposing Lycogenes was fated to Rob him of this Nights Felicity; the Distresses of Love must inure him to that Patience, as to attend the flower, but surer Hand of Fortune to Crown his Love some happier Hour.* No, my dear *Polydorus*, (replied the Queen,) *This Night*

my Lycogenes Beds with Meffalina ; and yet this Night shall Meffalina Lodge in the Arms of Polydorus. How, Madam ! Answered the amazed King. *Yes, my Polydorus, continued Meffalina : Shall a dull Husband bar my Foy's ? Shall Meffalina Love as I do ? And such a feeble Bar have Power to bold her from her dear Darling Polydorus Arms !* No— In fine to unriddle this transcending kindness, which how unintelligible soever at present, had nevertheless already translated our *Polydorus* to the very Battlements of no common Heaven ; she told him, that she loved him so passionately, that she could not content her self with any poor or common Testimonials of it. Her Husband, tis true, bedded with her to Night, but her burning Love for *Polydorus*, had form'd such a Design, that should o'repals that Obstruction, and the Bosom of her *Polydorus* should be her this Nights pillow. To explain her self, she had so ordered it that *Polydorus* about half an hour past Nine at Night, should be privately let in to *Tomazo's* Bed, where with the Curtains close round him, and the Darknes to shrowd him, he should lye safe and unsuspected ; and when her self had seen her *Lycogenes* fast asleep, (his Custom being never to wake after his first sleep till Day break) she would steal from his, to her *Polydorus's* Arms ; and tho' perhaps a little silenter than otherwise in his Embraces, she would come all Love and Rapture to his Bosome, and devote the whole Night to unspeakable Delights. As for any Danger, there was not the least shaddow in it : but if there were, she desired only such an occasion to testify the Courage, as well as the Ardence of her passion, which only wanted *Hazard* to win her *Glory*, having yet done too little in so dear a Cause. *Polydorus* was intirely lost in astonishment, and too poor in all the Eloquence of Love to answer so transcendently endearing an Engagement.

gagement. Polydorus after recovery of Sense enough to exprefs his amazeing Sentiments of fuch inspiring Charms, pour'd forth his ravish'd Soul in a whole Torrent of acknowledgements; and after as many Sealing kisses, promises his impatient waiting the Blessed Minute. No fooner was the King retired, but *Messalina* designing to fend for *Aspasia*, has that trouble saved; for the fight of her dear Friend is the next object she meets. After other introductory Careffes. *Well my Aspasia, (says Messalina,) When shall I convince you that Rivals can be hearty Friends? Thou pineest, and sighest, and languishest for my Polydorus; and yet I Value, Esteem, and Love my dearest Aspasia, nay, with that Beauty, those dangerous Eyes thou lovest him too; and yet my Aspasia is my best, trusted, dearest Friend still.* Oh, Madam, replied *Aspasia*, Your unexampled Friendship amazes and confounds me; and perhaps, my utter want of all hopes to repay your astonishing Goodness to your poor *Aspasia*, added to the weight of my Despair in Love, may make the only pressing Load to sink me quite. She finish'd this short Period with so hearty a sigh, that the Queen could not forbear in meer Pity to Eccho her with another; when turning kindly to her, with a gayer Ayr in her Face. *Well, says Messalina, What if my Friendship should give thee stronger Proofs? What wouldst thou give this Night to sleep in Polydorus Arms, and the Generous Messalina's the Gracious Hand to lead thee to his Bed.* O Cruel *Messalina*, Replied *Aspasia*, This is severe to mock my Misery. Can she that's blest with Polydorus Love, that happy, happy Woman, yield but one Minutes Resignation of such a Treasure! No, Madam, This is unkind to make my Griefs your Pastime. Fye, my *Aspasia* (says the Queen) Why this unjust suspicion! What seest thou in thy *Messalina's* Friendship so mean, to charge me with so wretched an Hypocrisy? No, my *Aspasia*, I am in Earnest with thee.

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This Night my Polydorus is thy own ; by this kind kiss ; thy own. The Queen who spoke so heartily, and look'd so much the Generous Friend she acted, had now dissipated our *Aspasia's* suspicion ; and continuing to tell her, how she had laid the whole Scene, snatcht her up to such a pinnacle of Joy, till her delight redden'd and bloom'd so lovely in her Cheeks, that half an hours such Cordial, was enough to cure a whole Months Consumption. Embracing the Queens Knees, and kissing the very Hem of her Robes, was the least acknowledgment she made her. But the Queen utterly forbidding any such thing, ordered her to leave Ceremonies, and hasten to important Instructions that must make her way. Yes, any thing, thought she, to lead to such a Bliss. All things prepared, at just half an hour past Nine, the punctual *Polydorus* is admitted to *Toma-zo's* Bed, the Curtains closed about him, the Candle put out, and the Door between the two Bed-Chambers softly shut. In less than half an hour after, the Queen with her *Sanctiflore* are likewise put to Bed, and the Lights all put out ; who privy to the Plot, and not a little indeared by so Generous an Artifice practis'd for his own dear sake, behaves himself with Caution and Silence. They are not long in Bed, till *Aspasia* undrest, covered only with her Night-Gown, according to Instruction, gently opens the Door between the two Chambers, and goes to Bed to the King. Never was Night on all sides so deliciously melted down. *Sanctiflore* and *Messalina* are laying such Riotous Foundations of Love and Pleasure, that (foreseeing their to Morrows separation) may make basis-work enough for the pleasing Dreams of a Month ; our *Aspasia*, it being the first Night of her Bliss, and for ought she knows the last, is so beatified ; so rapt in De-

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light;

light, that she resolves to play the politician in Luxury, and to make a *Mahumetan* Paradise in Miniature of it, circle the Thousand Years of Rapture within the circumference of a Night. Our *Polydorus* is likewise under the like Rapidity of Happiness: For besides, the Pleasure of a sound-sleeping unthinking *Lycogenes* so near him, (as he fancies) the Titillation of the Theft, and the endearing Hazard of the fair Thief (the supposed *Messalina*) thus stoln into his Bosom; he finds something so extraordinary caressing in her Embraces, above all she had given him before; that he fancies no less than that he grows every day dearer and dearer to her, and accordingly, accumulates to himself additional Delights from so elevating a contemplation. The Night thus past over; our *Aspasia* according to full Instructions, having not only all the Night kept an intire Seal of silence on her Lips, (a Counsel that even her safety Instructed her, as well knowing the discovery of her Voice, had been as fatal as that of a cloven-foot, to the Detection of the false Angel in his Arms, and consequently to the excluding her from her Paradise) at the first peep of day likewise steals from his Arms, and shutting the Door softly after her, as if she retired to her *Lycogenes* Bed, leaves our *Polydorus's* imagination so fill'd with the Image of his Visionary *Messalina*, till his roving Meditations at last, had lull'd him into a slumber.

About an hour after, when Day began to look out a little broader; our *Sanctiflore* Rises and Dresses himself. The Queen in her Night-Gown and Petticoat leads him into her Closet on the other side of the Room of State; where at that distant she might give her self freedom of unlocking that silence, which so near the dangerous *Polydorus* had before been

been under Restraint. Her design being only a parting Farewel with her *Sanctiflore*, she has leisure to talk but few words, only to conjure him to preserve her Memory; and not to be Jealous of *Polydorus* in his absence; her putting this Nights Impo- sition upon him, being an ample Testimonial how unformidable a Rival he is. And Sir, continued *Messalina*, For one convincing Argument of my Love to *Sanctiflore* above all the World besides; as my Hus- bands Inclinations are leading him to Ibernia, no sooner shall he move that way, but I will lock my self up in a Cloyster, which, tho' indeed my Honour may seem to exact from me; Remember 'tis my Love to *Sanctiflore*, performs that Abstinential Pennance, to shew you that no *Polydorus* is, or can be dangerous, in the absence of *Sanctiflore*. The Answer of her Baron was infi- nitely tender. But the envious Day now called him away, and their meeting Lips, too close for any words between them, Seal their Farewel. *Messalina* returning to her Bed, orders *Tomazo* (who had been a watcher all Night) to wake *Polydorus*, and tell him, that *Lycogenes* had left the Queen, and was retired to his own Bed; and now was the only Minute of Rising, and Retreating with Safety; which is accordingly performed. The amo- rous *Polydorus*, intirely ravish'd with the whole Series of his Felicities, especially his Last Nights Entertainment, had fortunately after Dinner met his *Messalina* alone in the Garden; and thinking it now a favourable Minute to unbosom his whole Soul to her, he told her 'twas his Destiny so strangely to Love the Divine *Messalina*, that even his enjoy- ment of her Charms could not content him; even yet he must be the unhappiest of Men, unless he might be permitted to flatter himself with the hopes that one Day he should live to plant his *Messalina* on the

Throne of *Gothland*. The Queen who took this for no more than common Gallantry, made a generous Answer. But *Polydorus* not contented with that Answer, prest her to a farther Declaration; when, telling her that he was so indebted for all, but especially her Last Nights Favours, that he could not answer his very Accounts to Heaven, nor pay his Arrears to the Providences that had so signally smiled upon him, unless she would Generously please to Promise him, that when the Gods should make her capable of accepting it, she would vouchsafe to share the *Gothick* Crown with him; and by a stronger Hymeneal Tye between 'em, publish the Glory of that Love to the whole World, which at present with only so private a vanity he yet possesseth. For, alas, he had hitherto, only satisfied his Love; but he had his Ambition too, to gratify; which nothing but the circling his *Messalina* in the *Gallick* Diadem, could consummate. The Queen could by no means refuse him that Promise, assuring him, that if ever kind Fortune obliged her with the Capacity of Granting it, he need not doubt but she who could not refuse him, even her guilty Favours, would be proud of conceding her Honourable ones; the Bed of such a Monarch being an Honour that the most haughty Beauty of the Universe, would thankfully accept. *Nay then, Divine Madam, I have your Promise, and will Challenge the Performance. And for your Capacity of Granting it; yes, Fortune, smiling Fortune does and will oblige me; and even this very moment, she presents the glittering Prospect of that Glorious Day, Recorded in the fairest Register of Heaven, when I shall mount my Messalina to the Throne of Gallia.* In short, he told her how the obstinate self-will'd *Lycogenes*, deaf to all Counsels, all persuasions, was resolved for *Ibernia*, in hopes not only to

to reduce that Kingdom, but by the *Iberian* Army recover his Lost *Albion*. He desired her to consider, what a hopeless Attempt he had undertaken, and to what certain Fate we would expose himself. 'Tis true, *Polydorus* would be no ways wanting in Arms and Assistance, but alas, to no purpose; the Christian *Albionites* were now too Potent, and all the Aids he could spare, in his present Engagements against the Confederated Bands of *Europe*, would be only so many Sacrifices to the Head-long rash Despair of *Lycogenes*. And as her self was sensible how inexorable *Lycogenes* was to all Intreaties or Prayers to withhold him from the Design; so he implored his *Messalina*'s solemn Engagement, that when the unhappy *Lycogenes*, by his own Fault alone, had pulled down his Ruin, and fallen in this mad Attempt; that the Widdowed *Messalina* would condescend to Reign the Sovereign Mrs. of *Gothland*. The approach of Company which interrupted them, permitted only her short Reply, viz. If his Stars had so ordered for her unfortunate *Lycogenes*, *Messalina*, and the whole disposal of her Fate were in the Hands of *Polydorus*. *Polydorus* was now as good as fully Arrived at the Haven of his utmost wishes; for *Lycogenes*'s Doom is Sealed. Yes, to *Ibernia* he'll send him, and with assistance too; but with the irrevocable Fate of falling there. For by challenging and placing all Power and Trust in that Kingdom, in *Gothick* Hands (as agreed by the over-reacht *Lycogenes*) so naturally hated, and the *Gothick* Government so suspected by the *Ibernians*; the very disgusted Pagans themselves shall fall from his Cause, whilest with the certain Destruction and Fate of *Lycogenes*, the certain *Messalina* is his own. Nay, to secure all, when once he has gotten him mew'd up there, he will leave him so embarras in necessities, and so shortn'd in that only *Strongest Sinew* of

of War, *MONET*, that he should be compelled to Coin Copper for Silver, even the value of a *Marvedis*, enhanced to a *Ducatoon*; and when that poor brazen Payment of his Army shall fail, his Royal Stamp in Leather (sometime an Antique Coyneage of *Albion*) must be his Last Refuge. In short, if all fail, *Lycogenes* his Life, is in his own Power, and *Messalina* must and shall be his own. The Queen, who could no less stifle her Joys at the Kings Last Declaration, singles out her dear *Aspasia*, to make her share in her Delight; and after recounting the whole Scene between *Polydorus* and her self: *Oh my dear Aspasia*, says she, *I shall be the happiest Woman in the World. My poor Lycogenes, too head-strong to his own Destruction, is by his sullen, or rather commiserating Destiny hurried to the certain Period of all his sorrows, to make way to mount thy Royal Mrs. the happy Messalina, to the Bed and Throne of the Great Polydorus. Nor do my Eagle Joys perch only there; for in his Bed, that poor unenvied Happiness I could even spare a share to my dear Aspasia. No, my Aspasia, I have a higher sight of Pleasure. My Husband, my poor pitied Husbands fall, mounts me to Polydorus's Throne; and Polydorus's Throne so the elevating Felicity of dressing up the Empress of Gothland, a more Glorious Messalina for the Arms of her Sanctiflore; whilst, by the Advantage of so Royal a Husband, I shall be enricht with the brighier Golden Mines to exhaust with my Sanctiflore, and with the Spoils of Empire adore the Man I Love.*

Oh, Thou unmatcht *Original* of High Mind!
 And, oh, the Depths of Glorious *Woman-kind*!
 Let boasting *Man* to profound Wit, Plot, Sense,
 And deep Intrigue, lay his long false Pretence.
 Let *Faction* and *Cabal* their Embryo's hatch,
 No *Politicks* can *Wit* of *Woman* match:

Her

Her teeming Brain, such vaster Products fill,
 That *LOVE* alone's th' immortal *Macchiavil*.
 Let Heroes mine, trench, ambuscade : so far
 Outreacht are all the Stratagems of War,
 By those which subtler *Love* more Nobly weilds ;
 That Mighty *Mars* to Mightier *Venus* yeilds.

This ingenuous Declaration of our fair *Messalina*,
 that so frankly open'd the rich Cabinet of her Soul,
 and discovered the prodigious Reach of *resolving Love*,
 being the Subject of no common Wonder, nor indeed
 less praise, had created Matter of a longer Entertainment
 between our two fair faithful Confidants ;
 nor had the grateful *Aspasia* been wanting in a very
 Dutious acknowledging Return to her Royal Mrs. for
 that part of it that related so neer to her self, in the
 kind Queen's so willing a Resignation of her *Poly-*
dorus unenvied Caresses to her enamour'd Favourite,
 had not a crowd of Intruders interrupted, and broke
 off the Conference. For her *Lycogenes*, in the Head
 of a small Troop of Captains (being the Disbanded
 Remnants of his Pagan *Albion* Officers) was come to
 visit her : Advancing therefore a little from them,
 who dutifully kept at Distance, and lending her his
 Hand, He told her, he was come to take his Leave ;
 and, in a long and passionate Harangue, he fell to ex-
 tolling the unexampled Generosity of *Polydorns*. His
 Favours, he told her, both to himself, his *Messalina*,
 and his sweet *Cambrian Infant*, were Obligations that
 Providence, by all her kindest showers of Blessings,
 would hardly ever enable him with a Capacity of re-
 quiting : His Debt was a Score he must be forced to
 leave to Heaven, to pay for him. In short, he told her,
 how heartily *Polydorus* had repented his Wrongs, and
 espoused his Quarrels ; and that, with these few scat-
 tered Royal Reliques (pointing to the Officers behind
 him)

him) of his late Infidel-*Albion* Army, joyned with what *Goibick* Leaders *Polydorus* was pleased to lend him, together with those *Gallick* Hands his own present involved Affairs at home could spare him, he had already fixt his Expedition for *Ibernia*; where he doubted not but quickly to raise that formidable Power, as should not only recover him that Loyal Pagan Realm, but likewise, in time, by their Hands, be able to shock the whole Strength of *Albion*, and Reduce his Three revolted apostatized Kingdoms. *Alas*, my Dear, continued *Lycogenes*, *The heretick Fools* may idly think I droop too low beneath the loss of Empire, and my Exclusion from three glorious Diadems has struck so near my Heart, that my declining Age, and my dejected Soul, will never bear so bardy a Fatigue, nor live to see that Day. How the dull dull World is all mistaken! I droop? Ah no! Perhaps my Loss of Empire has, for some Sacred Considerations, been more my Pleasure, than my Pain. Does the mad World believe in that stolt Flight, in which I left the *Albion* Shore, 'twas any Personal Fear, or Dread of Life or Dignity, that made me fly! No; as I knew the Church of *Albion* call'd over the Great *Anaximander*, the Guarranty both of my Life and Crown, with such sound Principles, and in such untainted Hands, had been so safe, that had I stay'd in *Albion*, my Crown had yet been upon my Head. Yes; with that Fetter at my Heels, of Ruling by LAW, by cursed Heretick Laws, and all my Great Arcana call'd to Account by SENATES, those everlasting Objects of my Aversion; and shackled down to a Coronation-Oath; with those unkindly Clogs and Manacles, and all my soaring Pagan Wings quite clipt; I know I might have Reigned still; yes: I might so. No, my Dear *Messalina*, a Crown at such hard Terms not worthy of my wearing. My prouder Spirit, and sublimer Faith to our Great Pagan Gods, disdain'd so poor a Thought. Yes; Honour, and the dearer Call of Heaven

ven withdrew me from my Native Albion Soyl ; I left a
 Deserted and Abdicated Throne. Alas, I only quitted a
 a worthless Empire to gain a Glorious one ; Deserted a
 sordid truckling BOUNDED Monarchy, that by
 the long Sworn Fidelity, and the resolved Assistance of the
 Royal Polydorus, I might return like my true God-like
 self ; and by that mighty Founders Arm, build up an
 ABSOLUTE one. If our kind Pagan Gods assist me,
 and I once Reign by Conquest ; Oh, the Immortal Charms
 of Royalty so Divine ; Farewell to the dull Scepter of
 poorer feeble Succession : A nauseating slavish Thought,
 below the Great Lycogenes. A Limited Government !
 No ; that very Minute I set my Foot into the Hoysling
 Bark, to waft me over into Gothland ; I hope I made a
 Nobler Declaration, when I ow'nd my generous Indigna-
 tion and just Contempt of such a Servile Sovereignty, by
 avowing the true Sentiments of my Soul, That I had ra-
 ther be but a Captain of a Troop of Light Horse un-
 der Polydorus, than Reign the Monarch of Albion, and
 Albania under the Check and Curb of Senates. That
 single Sentence spoke the whole Lycogenes : He spoke it,
 and he thought it. Senates and Senate-Laws ? No ; we
 have formed and resolved Things more Glorious. In
 that great Day of Conquest, then shall our Altars smok,
 smok uncontrouled ; and tottering tumbling Heresy crum-
 ble to Dust, beneath the Wheels of our Triumphant Cha-
 riot. With this Fore-thought and this Resolve, I deserted
 my abandon'd Albion, not by Force, but by Choice. Alas,
 if once the Conquer'd Albion we recover, the long-vow'd
 Erection of our Pagan Altars will then be all our own :
 For by that SWORD we Enter, we must Hold ; and
 holding by the Sword, my Messalina, what is't I cannot
 At ? Yes, my Dear Lycogenes, Replied the Albion
 Queen, proud Albion once Subjected and Governed by
 a Gothick and an Ibernian Army, what can you fear !
 Fear, my Messalina (answered Lycogenes) No ; a true

Faithful, Zealous Pagan Army will play my Game out, tho' a false Renegado Christian one threw up my Cards. Besides, I shall have this manifest Advantage by this Re-accession to Empire, which that of Birth-right could not yield me, when above the Tenure of Conquest, which throws off all Obligation of Law, and consequently, leaves the whole Administration to my own Despotick Will, to Act, Model, Transform, and Govern at my own Arbitrary Pleasure. Besides, I say, this open'd Gate to the whole Ambition of my Soul, the Pagan Resurrection; by my Return to my Kingdoms on the Necks of my Defeated Heretick Enemies, my Establishment of the Pagan Religion will carry its own Justification so clearly, that even Malice and Murmur it self shall be hush'd; and the most repining Tongue want Matter to reproach or revile me. For then, if I demolish the Heretick Church of Albion; 'tis their own Crimes, not I, have pulled it down; their Revolt and Rebellion has deserved it from me, and 'tis my Royal condescending Mercy that I shall exact no more. Then, as I once told the Heretick Academicks: [they should feel the weight of an angry Prince] they shall thank me that I fall no heavier, when so early a Vengeance against their Treason and Apostasy shall be all their punishment. 'Tis true, indeed, continued Lycogenes, I am under some private Covenants, and Stipulations with Polydorus; nor do I murmur at the utmost Concessions and Condescensions I have made him; for that, and more, he merits from me. For since that Heroick Champion Embarked in the Recovery of my Crowns, fights the Battles of our Gods too, what can I pay too much? Gothland indeed of old, was a long Tributary to Albion. Nor let mistaken History Record the Effeminacy of Lycogenes, that not only in his present misfortune, but also through the whole Study of his Life, he has so indefatigably labour'd to efface that Jewel in the Albion Diadem. For in
this

this Heavenly Cause 'tis Lycogenes's greater Pride and Glory to hold the Feodatory Crown of Atbion, a Dependant upon Gothland (a Reward too little for so great a Service) when thou knowest, my Messalina, I had rather admit Great Polydorus a Sharer in my Diadem, and sit even on the Left Hand of a Throne with that Great Monarch by my side, whilst by his Sword I build the Altars of our Pagan Gods up; than Reign with all the Grandure, Conquests, Glories of all my Royal Ancestors, once the Arbiters of Europe, heaped and massed together with that one only Trophy wanting. Since the Extirpation of Heresy is so eminently the never dying Renown of Polydorus, my humblest submissions even to Vassalage it self under so illustrious a Leader, were not a little Meritorious, when they bring me the Honour of lying a Pupil at the Feet of that Great Gamaliel.

The Queen, who ('tis true) felt an inward Delight, at so Enthusiastick and Religious a Transport of her *Lycogenes* in the Pagan Cause, returned him all the due Acknowledgments to so resolved a Champion. But as her own quite contrary prospect of Success from an Attempt of that kind (how well soever Designed and Endeavoured) led her to wandering Thoughts of a far different Nature; the Hazard of the Enterprize renewed the pleasing Contemplation of the late Great Foundation of Glory, laid her by the Amorous *Polydorus*, and her own Greater one of Love and Felicity in the Arms of her *Sanctiflore*.

Lycogenes now hastening to a Farewell, tells his *Messalina*, that all preparations were already made. the *Gallick* Navy was ready for setting Sail, the Forces being all Embarked, and himself and some of his Officers only wanting to go aboard; that accordingly, his, and their immediate dispatch, was

called for; and this very day, his Departure was Assigned, in order to his speediest setting forward for the Fleet. He desires therefore to look upon his necessitated absence, as no other than the ordinance of his Governing Stars, in which not only his own Vindication, but that of Heaven too, was Engaged. That, that consideration would not only expedite his Zeal, and make his Toyl and Labour light, but also, he hoped, would interests aiding Providence it self, to facilitate his Atcheivements, as its own peculiar Care to Consummate so Pious and Holy an undertaking.

The Queen, receiving this Farewell Summons, with a shock befitting the Character she bore, attended the King to the Palace, where retiring with him alone into her Closet, for a Recess of Privacy to unboosome those mournful Complaints at so sad a Divorce, a Scene of sorrow, which admitted no hearer nor spectators, she entertain'd him with so many tender and wailing Accents, which seconded with an additional Eloquence of the most melting showr of Tears, wanted no Appearances of the most cordial Concern. With the most endearing Embraces she recommended his Cause, but more particularly the preservation of his Person to the tenderest charge of his best Guardian Angels: She conjured him to believe her Life was wholly wound up in his; and that every wound that should hurt her *Lycogenes*, must strike through the Heart of *Messalina*; for all his personal Dangers could have no other passage. She desired him likewise to reflect on the few short broken slumbers her sad Pillow must now give her, whilst he left behind him the most melancholly of *Widows*; for as Pleasure and Delight from any other Object but her *Lycogenes* had ever been strangers to her Soul, he must believe

believe his absence could have no less Effect, than to banish all joy from her Life, and all smiles from her Cheeks till his return, whilst the continued business of her whole Days and Nights, till that blest hour, should wholly be spent in Prayers for his Prosperity; and that with every Bead to Heaven, she would drop a Tear for her *Lycogenes*. In short, the cooling murmurs of our fair *Turtle* may well be believed to be very passionate, when 'tis always observed that *Art*, when the Imitatour of *Nature*, paints with the boldest strokes, even beyond the Life. Her commanded Sighs and Tears therefore were not a little extravagant on this occasion.

But to leave our mourning Royal Mates to their parting Scene, our History calls us to some few Affairs of *Aspasia*. The Reader may remember in the first Treatise that Father *Sebastian* had been a long favour'd Inamorat of *Aspasia*; who being one of those *Albion* Fugitives, who escaping the Universal Pagan Wrack in that revolted Kingdom, was Landed safe on the *Gothick* Shore, and at present a Shelterer in the *Gallick* Court, you may imagine, was not wanting with all Affiduity and Address (after so long a separation as his dear *Aspasia*'s late absence in *Ibernia*) ever since her Arrival in *Gothland*, to renew his amorous Visits, in hopes of gathering his old Golden Fruit from so fair a Tree. But as ill Fortune, the malice of *Cupid*, or some other (if possible) blinder Deity was his Enemy; or rather the ill Humour of *Aspasia*, or some other Feminine Devil about her, envied him his old Felicities, he could never yet get one private minute alone with her. Whether the multiplicity of her Visitants, as so new a Guest in that Court, might be some interposing Debarment to a private Access, or no; however, his good opinion both
of

of her and himself, made him for some time impute
 his misfortune to no other Cause. But that flat-
 tering Excuse at long run being not altogether
 satisfactory, he discovered at last, that by her Art-
 ful shunning of all opportunities, 'twas her palpable
 slight of him, if not her down-right Aversion that
 excluded him: For in all his Conversation with
 her, which hitherto had been only in publick, he
 could not obtain so much as a smile, nay, not a
 look, a glance, or a civility from her, that express'd
 the least remaining spark of her former Graces and
 Kindness. For to tell you the Truth, our in-
 mour'd *Aspasia* ever since her Captivity to *Polydo-
 rus*, had entertained so burning a passion for that
 Great Man, even little less than absolutely Roman
 tick. For tho' naturally, a profest Wanton, yet, but
 to look upon that Idol of her Soul, her very *Plato-
 nick Delights* in that adored Object (for *Enjoyment*
 she never durst hope, her whole Translation to her
 last night's Paradise, being purely and altogether
 miraculous) carried those infinite Transports, all
 along with them, that all other humbler, tho' more
 substantial Feasts of Love, were utterly despised, for
 that more pleasing, tho' aierier Food. Soaring there-
 fore so high, she disdained all lower ignoble Quar-
 ries; and her Concession of a Favour (such was
 her Craprice of Fancy) to *Sebastian*, or any other
 meaner Favourite, she thought so notorious an In-
 vasion of the Sacred Right of *Polydorus* (for she ow'd
 him all, tho' she ne're hoped to pay him any) as
 she could not ever forgive her self for: And Love
 self, tho' with no other accuser, than her own con-
 scious Soul, would fly in her Face, and arraign and
 condemn her for absolute Impiety and Prophanation.
 This unaccountable Frenzy of Love, had made
 her very carefully avoid the Company of *Sebastian*

as the Object of her least Thought; and being of a better Temper, than to use him rudely, tho' she very well knew her Command (if laid upon him) might repel all troublesome Visits, yet partly through better breeding, and partly to avoid all tumultuous Resentments that might arise from severity, she thought it her wisest course to wean him from the desire of her Conversation, by more moderate methods; and accordingly, when prest too much by him, with no other ways left of escaping him, sometimes in her Retirements, she has pretended Indisposition, nay, often made her self be denied to shun him; and at all other times, she studiously crowded her self into all publick Company, to be free from importunities.

However, this Policy had not its desired Effect upon *Sebastian*, for though Men of his Figure and Gown, can never want Female Game in so amorous a Court, as that of *Gotland*; however, at present, he is for only flying here, and no other impression could efface his Passion for *Aspasia*. And all her present slights, now too plainly visible in her whole Conduct, served only to give him the most vexatious Disquiets, and run him at last into a most tormenting *Jealousy*. Some other Favourite (he considered) and more grateful Choice, undoubtedly could be the only Cause of her coldness to him. With this new Load upon his Soul, his discovery of his more happy Rival (a knowledge always much desired, though very little serviceable to slighted Lovers) was now his whole study; insomuch, that in all places, and at every turn, he was an absolute Spy upon all her motions, to find out (if possible) the accursed Destroyer of his Happiness.

In all his long Watchings, but hitherto, all in vain, it fortun'd that last night, he discovered her,
carried

carried in her Chair to the Queens Apartments. And as Jealousy makes remarks upon every thing; First, he observed that she went in an undress, viz. in her Night Gown, a very unlikely Habit, according to the Rules of Court, to make a visit to the Queen in; besides, no sooner had her Chair-men set her down, but they carried off her empty Chair back again, which plainly told him, she intended to stay all Night, and therefore a Visit to the Queen, could be no part of her Business. Upon this Thought; he fell to considering, what *Man* might lye in the Queens Apartments, and upon re-collection, remembered that Father *Pedro* had Lodgings there; (a Favour which granted him in the Court of *Albion*, was continued in her Court in *Goshland* too.) No sooner had he started upon this unlucky remembrance, but he presently reflected, on the once fatal mistake in *Albion*, that threw Father *Pedro* into his *Aspasias* Arms, instead of himself; with the Agony of that Thought, there was not that most ungrateful apprehension, that he did not immediately form to himself. That *Aspasia* was the basest and falsest of her Sex, were the kindest Epithites he could afford her. That *Pedro* had not as formerly by Fortunes blind Lot, but by her own Lascivious Choice, now invaded his Right. That she had this Night made an Assignment with him, and was so hot in the pursuit of her Infidelity, that she poorly followed him to his own Bed. That all his own past Endearments, nay, even the very Name of *Sebastian* was utterly razed out of her Thoughts; and Sacrificed to her dearer Darling *Pedro*. That all her pretended Indispositions and Excuses to shun his very sight, were nothing but her down-right hate of the forgotten *Sebastian*, to give her the freer loose

to

to her riotous Lewdness with *Pedro*. All that Jealously could forge, or rage inspire, was now fermenting in his Soul: One while, he was thinking to stop the Chair-men to ask Questions of them, for his compleater Satisfaction: But that folly was soon corrected, for undoubtedly, their simple ignorance knew no more of her privacies, than the Carriers-Horse does the Treasure he carries. Besides, the conviction was plain enough; but to be more amply informed beyond all staggering or doubts, he resolved to attend below at the Palace Door all Night, till the Chair-men fetcht her back again. The Evening blew a little cool, but whether the Agitations of his Soul were so busied, that the minding his Body was not any part of his care, or that his Heat within had influence enough to keep him warm without, he contented himself with the cold Entertainment of Fayries and Goblins, and very demurely, walked all Night under the Palace Window. What Furies and Spectres were his Familiars, you may easily conjecture; for Jealousy Rampant had an intire Ascendant over him, and all the Devils of Revenge, like so many *Cyclops* at the Anvil, were hammering all the Bolts he could invent against *Pedro*. The Morning was scarce awake, before the Chair-men were returned, and the glowing *Aspasie* more ruddy than the blushing Rose, soon after came nimbly tripping down Stairs, and instantly bolted into her Sedan, and so marcht off. This the undiscovered *Sebastian* standing perdieu, no sooner saw, but Demonstration, Oracles, and Brazen-heads, had now spoken: The Truth is too palpable, and the accursed *Pedro* is the Villanous Rifer of all her melting sweets; and she came but this moment, with all her guilty Bloom in her Face, just wroeking from his Arms.

This Resentment of her Falsehood, as it had lighted a whole Mine of Sulphur within him, he had watcht this opportunity of following the Queen and *Aspasia* into the Garden; where at the approach of *Lycogenes* to *Messalina*, *Aspasia* withdrawing, at the turn of a walk in the Garden, he had the Fortune just full in the Face to meet her all alone; and resolving that no pretence should now hinder him, not to slip the offered minute, he advanced up to her, and desired her to do him the Justice of half a score words with her. *Aspasia* possibly suspecting some Reprimands for her late cold looks to her neglected old Servant, was nevertheless so pufft up with the vanity of her last Nights Happiness in her Imperial *Polydorus's* Arms, that she was prepared to stand all Batteries of that kind, and laugh at so little, and so pitied a wretch as *Sebastian*; and accordingly, in answer to the half score words, desired with her, she told him half a hundred, if he pleased, were at his service. *Sebastian*, at first dissembling his Resentments, began calmly to ask her, what Envious Planets had malign'd him in so long debarring him the Felicity of her Conversation ever since her return from *Ibernia*? Planets, replied *Aspasia*; Alas, Sir, those higher Powers, have other weightier work to mind, than to intermeddle in so poor, and so trivial a Matter. Well, Madam, answered *Sebastian*, I find that not only their Higher Powers, as you tell me, but *Aspasia's* Higher Thoughts too, have weightier work to mind, when *Sebastian* is grown so indifferent to her. There was a Day, when I stood fairer and warmer in your Thoughts. There was a Day you Lored *Sebastian*; was there not cruel *Aspasia*? Faith, Sir, replied *Aspasia*, Such a Day perhaps may have been, but at present I carry no Almanack in my

Head,

Head, for my particular remembrance in that Affair. If there has been such a Day in your Calendar, pray, mark it down for a very idle one, when I play'd the Fool because I had nothing else to do. [Sebastian]

How, Ungrateful, False, Inhumane. — [Aspasia]

No hard Words (interrupting him) all things in this World, have their Period; and Folly, the sooner the better. And if this Declaration displease you, look upon your Gown, consider, you are a Church-man, Repent and Mortify, and carry your Prayer-Book to Bed with you, and Sleep contented. How, my rallying Infidel, answered Sebastian, If I may be bold to ask, did you and your last Nights Bed-fellow, carry your Prayer-Books to Bed too? [Aspasia] How, Insolent! — Yes, Madam, (continued Sebastian)

were you and your New Stallion at Mortification too, last Night? If you were, you were very close and warm at it, that he sent you away so piping hot, so early in your Chair this Morning. Aspasia was struck with such Confusion to hear him talk thus, that in the suddenness of her surprise, she thought no less, than that he had dealt in Witchcraft and Magick, and discovered the whole last Nights Adventures with Polydorus, a Secret of that value, that she would not have disclosed, for half his Kingdom, much less, have it Lodged in so dangerous a Breast as Sebastians; insomuch, that at the first Shock, struck almost dumb, and without one word to answer, so strong a Vermilion painted her Cheeks, as if the whole Blood in her Heart, had flush'd into her Face. Sebastian (perceiving her Disorder, continued) well, Madam, by the extraordinary Scarlet in your Face, a sign of Grace (as they tell us) the Prayer-Book you talk of, would not do amiss with you now. Grace, did I say? Cry you mercy, Madam, I am afraid I am mistaken.

staken. Those confessing Blushes of yours, I fear proceed from a quite contrary Cause. Your hot Blood, has been so stirred up to Night, that a little thing sets it a circling, and that's the reason your Ladyship reddens so easily, and so naturally; Well, much good may do you with your *Pedro*, your darling Villain, *Pedro*. But know fair Devil, the time may come, when your Sanctified Imp and you——
Aspasia at that word, recovering her Tongue, and pertly interrupting him (for since she found that *Pedro* was the supposed Man, it took so great a weight from her Spirits, that she cared not if she confirmed him in it, rather than disabused him from that mistake; that kind Error possibly being her only Fence, against a more dangerous Inquisition into her last Nights Arcana, and a necessary Guard against so prying a Spy.) *Well*, says she, *If I do Love Pedro, and came so warm from him this Morning, as you tell me, snarle on, feeble Envy, and make your best on't.* *Sebastian*, at that word, was just upon launching into a great deal of outrageous Language, had not approaching Company come to her Deliverance, when, starting from him, she left him to the venting his Gall to himself, and bursting with his own Venom at his own Leisure and Pleasure.

Sebastian, from this hardened Impudence of her own Confession, had now no farther scruple: *Pedro* was the happy man; and himself the out-cast of her hate and scorn. His Love for *Aspasia*, now cankering into the most rancorous Malice and Revenge; the first thing he resolves, is the Destruction of *Pedro*. For the effecting of which, after a hundred several roving Fancies upon that Subject, he fixt at last upon traducing him to *Polydorus*, as a Plotter against the *Gorbick* State, and rather than

than want Proof to condemn him, to start up an Evidence himself against him. This Project fully resolved, he very speedily gains private Access to *Polydorus*, and after a great deal of other Introductory matter, to soften him for the Impression, such as the unfortunate Affairs of *Albion*, he fell very Artfully to haranging upon the restless Spirit of *Pedro*, and specifying in several particulars, how highly his False and Clandestine Management, had been instrumental in the Fall and Ruine of *Lycogenes*; he insinuated at last that *Plotting* and *Faction* were his Study and Delight, and that in short, uneasy and turbulent in all Governments, he this very day held Correspondence with the Enemies of *Polydorus*, and was a person unfit to be trusted in his Kingdom, much less in his Court, if that only were all he deserved. And this charge he himself was ready (tho' unwilling to be seen in such an Affair, if other Testimony might satisfy) to make out against him. In fine, he prest on the matter so far, that *Polydorus* inclining to believe him, returned *Sebastian* thanks for his Zeal, and promising his speedy inquiry into the matter, *Sebastian* humbly advised the immediate seizing of his Papers, which would make ample and sufficient Demonstrations against him, and excuse himself from that ungrateful Office of his Accuser.

The King reflecting on the *Albion* miscarriages, as so highly and particularly the Fault of *Pedro*, and relying on the Integrity of *Sebastian*, for whom he had a special Value and Esteem, immediately applies himself to *Messalina*, telling her the whole Accusation against him, and his own Inclination to Credit the Truth of it. The Queen whose Pride could no less than naturally resent her *Albion* Misfortunes, and (though her self their Principal

pal Cause) she looked upon the hot Councils and Violent Measures of *Pedro*, as not a little Criminal in that Affair; And though his Extraordinary Zeal for the Pagan Cause, had raised him so great in her Esteem, his Success and Conduct however, were no little alloy to her Favour and Graces towards him, insomuch that Doubt and Suspicion might easily be Entertained against him, and a little Breath would go to the lighting that Coal. Besides, her absolute Resignation to the Pleasure of *Polydorus*, silenced all Questions and Disputes. 'Twas enough he Believed, and twas not her Qu to Doubt. Accordingly with an immediate Concurrence to *Polydorus*, she her self advised the seizing, not only of his Papers, but his Person too, and doing himself open Justice. No Madam (replied *Polydorus*) Your Sacred Roof, is a Sanctuary against all such Violence: for since he has the Honour of Sleeping under that Protection, the publick Apprehension either of himself or his Papers, though on the most Criminal Account, would be too Profane an Intrusion in a Place so Sacred. The King therefore humbly besought her permission, that himself might give *Pedro* a Visit in his own Lodgings at his first uprising next Morning, and in respect to the Place as the Palace of *Messalina*, make that private Scrutiny, and those less noisy Demands of him, that might give as full, tho' not so publick a satisfaction into the Truth of the Matter, alledged against him. The Queen instantly complying with the Kings Desire, and likewise humbly thanking him for the Great Respect he was pleased to shew to her self, in this manner of Process against so treacherous a wretch, told him that his Pleasure therein, or what else should not only be punctually observed, but also she her self would Accompany him thither, as
proud

proud to confront so impious an Infidelity as durst in the least conspire against the Glory or Peace of her dear *Polydorus*.

In pursuit of this Resolve, early next Morning, *Polydorus* and *Messalina* enter *Pedro's* Chamber, who receives them with a profound Reverence, nor a little pleased, if not astonisht at so unusual a Favour. But the Queen to undeceive him in that point, desired him not to mistake the occasion of this Honour they did him, commanding the Keys of his Closet and Cabinets; *Pedro* Thunder-struck at such a sound, and finding by her Looks, that the want of his Keys was not to search for Bracelets or Love-Letters, but more important matters, fell instantly upon his Knees, and with a long repetition of his Zeal and Services, and a thousand Protestations of his Truth and Fidelity, humbly remonstrated his whole Innocence and Loyalty, and the meaness of her Suspicion against so known and tried Integrity. *Well, Sir*, says the Queen (who as an endearment to *Polydorus*, resolved to be the forwardest in *Pedro's* Prosecution) *If you are that Honest and Loyal Man, the Innocence of your Papers, which we come hither to see, will be your Confirmation, and as so many Records in your behalf, stand the Monuments of your Glory.* *Pedro*, now almost dead, was going to use the little feeble Breath he had left, to dissuade her from her purpose; but as she would hear no more, but be obeyed, he was forced at last to give her the Keys, where, whilst the King and She entered the Closet, himself stood rooted like a Statue in his Chamber without, both dumb and motionless, attending his approaching Fate.

No sooner had the Queen unlockt the first Drawer of his Cabinet, but a dazzling appearance of Jewels glared in her Eyes; which she no sooner saw, but she

she instantly cried out. *Oh Polydorus, my own Albion Jewels! O Villain-Pedro, Villain, Villain!* How Madam, answered Polydorus amazed, *Your Jewels!* Yes, Sir, replied the Queen, *the very same I lost at my Landing in Gothland, and for which you publish so many Thousand Crowns Reward, for the Discovery of.* This very Monster advised me to trust them with an Italian Priest of his own Recommendation, since run away: and be-like, by the quantity I here find of them, has conspired in the Robbery, and went shares and snacks with the very Thief that stole 'em. *Oh Execrable Mifcreant!* Was't not enough, that thy Villany has ravish'd my Glory, rifled my Crown from me, and lost me three Kingdoms, but thy low-born wretched Soul, could stoop to so petty a Larceny as to steal my very Jewels from me? The Queen had went on with a great many more bitter Expressions, on so pregnant a Subject; had not her farther Curiosity found her other Employment. The first Papers they lighted of, proved to be Accounts of Monies laid out, and a Journal of Domestick Expences, & not worthy of their Inspection: only unfortunately the first Paper of them that fell into the Queens Hand, and the first Line she cast her Eye upon, was the Account of what Monies he had paid to his Landlord an *Inn-keeper* at the Waters of *Faje* in *Albion* (when the Queen was last there) for the Maintenance of a Child gotten by him upon the Body of the said Landlord's Daughter. This innocent Discovery occasioned a comical smile or two, and some few jocular Remarks between *Polydorus* and *Messias*. The next Papers they came to (being a very large Bundle) were an Account of Summs of Money received, part seperately to himself; and others in Paternship with *Polyorchetes* the Chancellor, for Pardons, Sold to the *Western Rebels* in *Perkins* Insur-

Insurrection. *Ab, Sir,* says the Queen to *Polydorus*, what wicked Papers are here? You may see how Kings are abused, when the Mercy of my poor *Lycogenes* to those Western Wretches, tho' God knows, that Mercy was but Little, yet even that Little was Bought and Sold. The following Papers they met, were a List and Computation of the Number of the Officers, and private Souldiers of the Pagan Religion in *Lycogenes Albion Army*, taken at the last Campaign by the King's Special Order and Command. *Ab, Sir,* says *Messalina*, that very Paper undid my poor *Lycogenes*: For as you know the Design of keeping up that Army, so, poor zealous good Man, being desirous to learn the Strength of what Pagan Hands he had to trust to, in order for the good of his Cause, he sent his Command to every Captain, to bring him in the Number of the Pagans in their each respective Company or Troop; and, would you think it? those false insinuating Villains, to humour, as they call'd it, the Kings weak side, and thereby ingratiate themselves in to his Favour, made the Computation of the Pagans amount to the full Moiety of the whole Army, within 600; when, God knows, not a Seventh of 'em were of that Faith, as sad Experience has since convinced him; whilst, by these, and several other false and flattering Reports of the Pagan Strength, was my poor *Lycogenes* drawn into that Confidence, and consequently, those Snares, that lost him his Kingdoms.

Polydorus, had not searched much farther, till he discovered the Mine he desired, viz. A Correspondence between *Father Pedro*, both with the Imperial and the *Arragonian* Court, the present sworn Enemies of *Polydorus*. A great many Letters fill'd with promises of large Golden Rewards, were the first that occurred; and tho' part of them were Written in Characters, and others of less dangerous

Imports, were more bare-faced; the first Eye into them plainly detected an Intelligence held with both those Enemies of the Crown of *Gorbland*; and this mercenary Villain and Spy, - had for Foreign Gold, betrayed the Secrets of his Kingdom.

The King, could not forbear some just Resentments at so surprizing a Discovery; but the Queen, for her part, could hardly contain her self from being down-right outrageous, in meer Indignation against such infernal Treachery, and what's yet blacker, such monstrous Ingratitude; a Villain, so kindly Entertain'd and cherish'd, as he had been, in that only Sanctuary, that thorough his own Demerits, and the universal Hatred of Mankind, the whole World had left him, and yet scarce warn'd in his Nest to play so venomous and treacherous a Serpent! And to heighten her bitterness, she did not in the least doubt all his foul play in *Gorbland* any more (if the Truth were known) than a second Part of his old Game in *Albion*. In short, being almost ashamed to defile her Breath with so Poisonous a Name, she desired *Polydorus* to take him instantly and hang him, or break him upon the Wheel; for a moments Life was too great a Mercy for such a Monster. No, Madam, replied *Polydorus*, If you'll permit me to Sentence him, his Doom shall be to Live. The Truth on't is, I always believed him a Rogue at the bottom, and tho' his Dependance and Relation to *Messalina*, as in Duty, gave him so Favourable a Reception here, yet I assure you, Madam, I never trusted him with any thing of Importance, my Cabinet secrets were never Lodged in such Hands; and tho' the Contents of these Letters, when I have leisure to peruse them, will, I doubt not, shew his hearty good will to be the best of Traytors, and most ungrateful of Men, yet whatever his Inclination has been, his Power has

not had it in his reach to turn me away, and there-
fore I am the less concerned as to it. I have a Part
book. But, Madam, since your Majesty is so
cred Thunder that should never be used without Exe-
cution, in my Opinion, the giving him his Life will be
his greatest Punishment; for when I banish him my King-
dom, all the world beside, will give him so much a
Retreat, and cold a Reception, that he will be forced
to wander in Shade and Cover, that deplorable wretch,
as to fear every hand he meets, will be his Execu-
tioner. This lingering Torment, as the outcast of the Cre-
ation, to a spirit so restless, and so ambitious, will out-
do any short pain & brook of Justice. Besides (conti-
nued Polydorus) all publick and exemplary Punishment,
would in a measure, leave a blemish on the Fair Mes-
salina, in publishing and proclaiming to the World, Hers,
and her Lycogenes's weakness and folly (Pardon the
harshness of the Word) in so highly Exalting, so unde-
serving a Favourite. Princes in some Cases ought not
to tell too broadly, how grossly they have been de-
ceived and imposed upon. His Trust in Albion was
so Great, and his Ascendance so High, that his open
Fall will not so much expose his Guilt, as the shal-
lowness of that Credulity that raised him.

The Kings farther Reasonings upon this Argu-
ment, made the incensed Messalina acquiesce in
the Pleasure of Polydorus. And taking the Queens
Jewels (a very honest Reprizal) and those Last
Papers along with them; as he left the Chamber,
he bid Pedro, avoid his Presence, and let his Court
and Kingdom see his hated Face no more. Pedro,
who wanted Power and indeed Courage to speak
to him, remained mute; however, as the escap-
ing of an expected immediate Death, an Exit he was
not over-well at this time prepared for, recover'd
him Strength enough to hold up his Head from

not quite drooping under so fatal a shock; he began to recollect Sense enough to provide for his speedy Decampment from his present too hot a Post; and accordingly with no small hurry and precipitation, he left the Court, and 'tis much suspected the Kingdom too; for we have never heard of him since. And truly (the Cause of his departure being hush'd by *Polydorus*, and concealed by himself) in what disguise he sculked, or which way he travelled, our Intelligence is wholly in the Dark. However, tho' we now Live in ignorance what Corner of the World has at present the Honour of his Company, his loss is not very considerable; there being very few over-fond of his Face, unless to make Money of his Head.

FINIS.

